

# THE ACADEMY

## A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1842

AUGUST 24, 1907

PRICE THREEPENCE

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#### UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

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Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post free.

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent to 63 Lincoln's Inn Fields.

The publishing offices of THE ACADEMY are at 95 Fetter Lane, E.C., to which address all business letters should be sent.

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## THE LITERARY WEEK

WE have recently received letters from correspondents complaining of the "undue importance" which the ACADEMY seems to attach to religious matters. "Surely," writes one correspondent, "a purely literary paper like the ACADEMY is making a mistake in venturing into the grounds of religious controversy." Another objects that it seems a pity in a literary paper to "take any side in religious matters," and the same correspondent points out that it is "quite unnecessary" to go into these matters at all. Now this is really a most astonishing attitude, and perhaps it will be as well once for all to explain to these good people what ought to be obvious to them. A large quantity of books on religious and theological subjects are sent to the ACADEMY for review every week; along with other books on other subjects they are dealt with by our reviewers. It will be conceded that, *prima facie*, a book dealing with theology or "religion" generally is just as worthy of notice as a book on Indian coins, or a novel which is concerned with the love-affairs of a barmaid and an escaped convict.

How then do our sapient critics propose that we should deal with these books, if not from a certain general point of view? Any reviewer of any book whatever is bound to "take sides" when he reviews a book, to the extent that he is forced to give his opinion as to its merits or demerits. In the matter of religion there are, broadly speaking, two sides: one is the "scientific" side, and the other is the side of those who accept revealed religion. The ACADEMY adopts, generally speaking, the second of these two sides. To those who take a different view the expression of its opinions will, not unnaturally, seem unpleasing and unwelcome, just as to those who prefer the works of Miss Marie Corelli to those of Mr. George Meredith its opinions on contemporary literature must be unpleasing and unwelcome. We are really very sorry but we cannot help it, and we cannot undertake to conceal our opinions and those of our reviewers on religious subjects even with the laudable object of giving gratification to subscribers "of thirty years standing," or to those who "have hitherto bought and read the ACADEMY with profit and pleasure," and have now been obliged to "instruct their newsagents to cease sending it to them." Still less do we feel inclined to adopt this self-sacrificing attitude in deference to the outraged susceptibilities of one of our correspondents, a member of parliament, and an unconscious humourist of the first water, who has recently written to us sternly forbidding us to send him

any more copies of our "tiresome paper," and who on investigation turns out to be a former contributor to the paper who had been placed on the free-list by our predecessors, and whose name had been suffered to remain on that list as a matter of courtesy to the gentlemen who were formerly responsible for the conduct of the ACADEMY!

We regret that we cannot support the Bishop of London in his demand for the appointment of another University Commission. Fortunately, as Lord Crewe pointed out during the debate in the House of Lords, "no political questions enter into the discussion," nor "do any theological differences arise." That debate evoked some valuable remarks from speakers of widely different views religious, political and social. The Bishop of Birmingham said:

It had always been the honour . . . of the old Universities that they trained the governing classes of the country. The term "governing classes of the country" had, however, received a very wide extension. For example, it included now the working classes.

And again:

If those who had no real intention of becoming students were got rid of, the teachers would have more time for study . . . and a great deal more teaching power would be liberated . . . for the purpose of teaching, not popular audiences, but trained . . . students in different parts of the country.

Replying to the Bishop of Birmingham's accusation that the Commissions of 1855 and 1877 had really put the scholarship fund into the hands of wealthy people, the Bishop of Bristol said: "The mischief was done when the country grammar schools were deprived of the right to teach Greek during the Greek hours." . . . "The Government," he added, "might perhaps, issue the commissions, one for Oxford and one for Cambridge."

Lord Ellenborough thought that

the injury to education caused by the study of dead languages . . . [had] the result that the minds of thousands of boys were cribbed, cabined, and confined because a certain number wished to compete for scholarships.

The Bishop of Hereford, in eulogy of Mr. Chamberlain, referred to the foundation of Birmingham University "as the centre and crown of the life of a great city," and said that it had "destroyed the idea of a federated University, and [consequently] every great city became ambitious to have its own University." Lord Burghclere defended "those who had no real intention of becoming students." He thought that

a University composed of senior wranglers and senior classics would not have its due effect upon the life and character of a nation. Strenuous work led to knowledge; character led to wisdom, and it was in the atmosphere of these ancient Universities that many of our most useful citizens learned what character meant.

The Bishop of Oxford pointed out that if it could be shown that there was a considerable number of really necessitous men able to benefit by University education the Colleges would assist them, under existing conditions, and that one great source of "idleness" was "the exaggerated enthusiasm of athletics." Finally Lord Lansdowne expressed a hope

that no attempt would be made to put the two ancient Universities on exactly the same footing as the technical and professional Universities, but that they would be allowed to retain something of that special character which, after all, has rendered them famous throughout the civilised world.

We fully agree with the Bishop of Birmingham that reforms are necessary. It is well known that at Oxford the Hebdomadal Council and Congregation are much dominated by certain elderly officials of a sluggish and inexpansive order of mind. The Hebdomadal Council is

mostly composed of heads of houses and representatives of Colleges in their capacity of Foundations distinct from the Universities. Men of the type we have suggested often make good heads of houses even when they have been elected, as they often are, because they have claims on their college. It is perfectly well known that many Colleges are exceedingly well carried on by their deans or senior tutors. The head slumbers. The arrangement works admirably. But seven heads of houses are always members of the Council, where several slumber or merely make weight.

The conferment of honorary degrees is of very small importance, but it indicates the state of the Council's mind. During the past thirty years the Council might have done itself the honour of conferring a degree on the great English poet who above all others represents the Humanities of Oxford. To have proposed to do so this year was to stultify itself. The Council might have approved the genius of a distinguished foreigner, Monsieur Rodin; it waited until its approval was valueless, until Monsieur Rodin had already won for himself his own position in England, and until the University of Glasgow had led the way in recognising him. Further it is quite evident that both compliments were paid not by the Council but the Chancellor. It is also evident that the recent contest for the Chancellorship arose out of an attempt by the small conserving clique in the Council and its supporters in Congregation, to elect a Chancellor with as much secrecy as possible. Certain electors, we hope that there were many, welcomed the nomination of a second candidate solely because it defeated their designs, though they regretted even the apparent introduction of politics into the question. We have no doubt that the motive of protest determined in favour of the second candidate many votes which would have been given to the first, if the circumstances had been reversed. On the day on which the Bishop of Birmingham put his question in the House of Lords, sixteen members of the University published in the *Times* a letter advocating the appointment of a Commission. As Mr. S. G. Owen has pointed out "term was over," and these signatures to the *Times* letter represent no one but themselves. Mr. Owen justly designates this action as "a trick well known in academic circles."

There is surely a difference between "the training of the governing classes" and "the training of men to form the governing classes." It is the latter which has been the honour of the Universities. At no time have their advantages been confined to the governing classes. A large proportion of the great Chancellors of England alone came from the working classes, and were trained to government by the Universities or institutions in close connection with them. Among a host, we name two, William of Wykeham and Cardinal Wolsey. In England at least, the working man ceases to be one, when he enters any University, just as he does when he devotes himself to politics.

The Corporations of Birmingham and Liverpool are famous for their picture galleries, and the University of Liverpool maintains its own School of Egyptology. Like these enlightened communities, we also believe that it is the Humanities, Greek and Latin literature especially, independent of the historical facts which they relate, which have produced that "character" which Lord Burghclere admires; and they have produced it in men like William of Wykeham, Wolsey and Johnson, sprung from the working class. Where the ancient universities have fallen short, is in their teaching of Greek and Latin as dead languages (to which Lord Ellenborough objects), and not as the perpetual living expression of all European thought and civilisation. They have produced too many scholars of the type of Gaisford and Porson, and have contributed too little to the development of intellectual

characters of the type of Milton, and Gibbon and Ruskin, and, if we may name a contemporary, Dr. Gore.

We echo Dr. Percival's eulogy of the now local universities; they are sufficient to satisfy the local wants as regards technical education, and they do much more. We welcome Dr. Browne's suggestion that the two Universities should be dealt with separately, because Cambridge has already done enough, perhaps too much to transform itself. We join still more earnestly in Lord Lansdowne's hope: we desire that Oxford especially should be allowed to retain its special character, that it should be allowed to develop its own genius, even if it remain but the playing-fields of "our young barbarians." It will be time to curtail further the development of that special genius, when it has become so overworn that the Universities have ceased to emulate it.

It is amusing when Mumbo falls out with Jumbo. Jumbo, otherwise Mrs. Tingley, or better still, the "Purple Lotus Mother," has just arrived in England from some place with a Spanish name in California—and how sadly, by the way, do these Spanish names remind one that California was once a civilised country. It is understood that Mrs. Tingley thinks but little of Mrs. Annie Besant; it is certain that Mrs. Annie Besant thinks nothing at all of Mrs. Tingley; cordially, entirely, completely do we give our assent to the judgments of both these ladies. Mrs. Tingley, as an American supplying the American market, is the more frankly imbecile of the two; she has an inspired assistant in the person of a small dog, who has learnt to bark the word "Brotherhood" and is a reincarnation of an Egyptian sage—or of something of the sort. Mrs. Besant, on the other hand, is probably a much more mischievous personality. The atmosphere of the "Inner Circle" of Theosophy certainly approached very nearly to a mixture of the combined airs of Bedlam and Earlswood (with just a dash of Broadmoor), at the time of the famous W. Q. Judge manifestations—when "Judge's Plan" was right, when it was above all things needful, "to follow Judge and Stick"! But this was long ago, and the late excursions of Mahatmas (placing Mrs. Besant at the head of the society) are on a milder plane of idiocy. And besides, Mrs. Besant was once a "Freethinker"; and there is a very funny delusion in some minds that "Freethinking" implies acuteness. It usually implies quite profound dulness; but the delusion in question exists, and so has rendered Mrs. Besant a less comic and therefore more nocent prophetess than the Purple One from California.

There exists a class of people who not only apparently make it a practice to read certain books in their holidays which they do not read at other times, but also require to have advice on the subject from such various leaders of thought as "Dr." Clifford, Mr. Hubert Bland (whoever he may be), Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, Mr. Justin McCarthy, Mr. J. T. Bell, whose "sub-title" is given in brackets as "Wee Macgregor," Lady Violet Greville, and Baroness Orczy. The existence of such a class of people is made evident by the publication in the *Book Monthly* of a chapter headed "Holiday Reading," in which the above-mentioned ladies and gentlemen kindly give their advice, and provide some quaint reading. Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, for example, appends to the list of books which she recommends the words, "all these are interesting, yet neither too inspiring nor morally upsetting—the very thing for a holiday when one wants to be amused or let alone," a combination of sheer fatuity and slipshod English which it would be difficult to beat. It is refreshing to turn from the foolish utterances of self-advertising nobodies to the reply sent by Mr. Thomas Hardy to the inquiries of the Editor of the *Book Monthly*: "I have not the shadow of an idea about holiday reading."



## DIES AMARA VALDE

AH me, ah me, the day when I am dead,  
And all of me that was immaculate  
Given to darkness, lies in shame or state,  
Surely my soul shall come to that last bed  
And weep for all the whiteness that was red,  
Standing beside the ravished ivory gate  
When the pale dwelling-place is desolate  
And all the golden rooms untenanted.

For in the smoke of that last holocaust,  
When to the regions of unsounded air  
That which is deathless still aspires and tends,  
Whither my helpless soul shall we be tossed?  
To what disaster of malign Despair,  
Or terror of unfathomable ends?

A. D.

## TWO MOODS

## ANIMULAE FUGACI

(On a drawing of Miss Alick S—— at the New English)

BEAUTIFUL, unattainable and free,  
This nymph, the Muses' and the Graces' child,  
That of her arts the Cyprian had beguiled  
Haunted the groves and streams of Arcady,  
Or by the caverns of the Western Sea  
She meditated music, calm or wild,  
While to the rhythm of Ocean, fierce or mild,  
Her soul attained its passionate harmony,  
And oft beneath the pitiless eye of dawn,  
The early shepherd, summoned by the shrill  
Persuasive pipe of Pan, beside the rill  
Halting his flock, 'twixt parted reeds would see  
Her fugitive vision, soon, too soon, withdrawn,  
And count that moment immortality.

## ELEUSINIA

(On another drawing of the same)

THIS of the Earth! Yea, Earth whereon the sky  
And the eternal stars have never smiled;  
Even thus, the maid from Euna's flowers beguiled  
By lustful Dis, surveyed with startled eye  
That underworld, whose formless pageantry  
Of pain surprised Demeter's ravished child  
To the sad wisdom of the undefiled  
Initiate into Hades' mystery.  
Certes, her mute all-comprehending gaze  
The improved passion of her petulant mouth,  
The after-bitterness and wild amaze  
Of strange unnatural knowledge, and the drouth  
Of love unwelcomed claim this wraith to be  
Sister in sorrow to Persephoné.

IXION.

## LITERATURE

## THE HENSLOWE PAPERS

*Henslowe Papers: being Documents supplementary to Henslowe's Diary.* Edited by WALTER W. GREG, M.A. (Bullen, 10s. 6d. net.)

It will be more convenient to describe and judge of Mr. Greg's achievement when it is completed by the publication (promised for the autumn) of the second volume of his edition of "Henslowe's Diary." Meanwhile we may welcome the book before us as a work supplementary, but essential, to the reissue of the "Diary," carried out with infinite care, skill and patience. There are no documents extant of more importance in the study of the Elizabethan and Jacobean drama than the "Diary" and other papers of Philip Henslowe and his son-in-law Edward Alleyn, most of which have now—after wanderings and strange vicissitudes in many cases—found their way home again to the library of Alleyn's foundation of the College of God's Gift at Dulwich. The labours of Malone, James Boswell the younger, J. P. Collier, Mr. Fleay, Dr. G. F. Warner and others have done much to make these documents known. It remained for some well-equipped scholar to devote himself to working at them in the light of recent knowledge and with all the scrupulous care and minuteness such a task demands. Such a scholar was found by Mr. Bullen in Mr. Greg, who, if he is not afraid to point out where his predecessors have erred, is justified in his strictures by his own qualifications and achievement; and there can be no doubt that the completed work will reflect great credit upon publisher and editor alike.

The recently published volume prints in full, abstracts or catalogues all the papers relating to theatrical affairs and the office of Master of the Royal Game of Bears, Bulls and Dogs (shared by Henslowe and Alleyn) which are not in the "Diary," by far the greater number being printed in full from the original manuscripts. Among the muniments are the contracts for the building of the Fortune Theatre, to which Alleyn and his company moved when their theatre on Bankside, the Rose, had fallen into disrepair, and for the rebuilding of the Bear-garden, or Paris Garden, in 1613; and the remaining papers in Mr. Greg's first section mainly concern the history of the former of these playhouses. The second section contains "letters and papers relating to the English Drama and Stage during the life of Edward Alleyn and to the subsequent history of the Fortune Theatre." It includes one or two important documents, like the warrant from the Privy Council (April 9, 1604) for the three authorised companies, the King's, Queen's and Prince's (formerly the Chamberlain's, Worcester's and the Admiral's); the famous inventory in Alleyn's handwriting of the theatrical wardrobe, to which forged additions are made (and the subject should not be allowed to pass without a reference to the generous tribute paid by Mr. Greg in the introduction to vol. i. of this edition of the "Diary" to J. P. Collier's immense learning); and the address laid before the Privy Council by the inhabitants of Finsbury, praying that the building of the Fortune might be allowed to proceed, partly for the reason that the "erectors of the said house" were contented to give a liberal weekly sum for the poor, whom the parish itself was not able to relieve. The greater part of the section, however, is taken up with personal and domestic affairs, of scarcely less genuine, though of less obvious, importance. It includes the often-quoted letters that passed between Alleyn on tour and his wife (his "mowse") in London; letters from Henslowe about the plague; and many letters from actors and authors to Henslowe asking for money. We find Nathan Field (it is to be noted that Mr. Greg never employs the more familiar "Nathaniel"), Robert Daborne and Philip Massinger addressing him

all together; and there is a whole series of letters from Robert Daborne, the playwright, begging for advances of money. It may be fanciful, but we find something peculiarly unpleasant in these letters of Daborne's. They are cringing, fulsome and unmanly. The man is frequently behindhand with his work, and is always promising with many oaths and vows that he will keep his engagements, while his entreaties are couched in a whining and extravagant key.

The third section of the volume contains the documents dealing with the office of Master of the Royal Game of Bears, Bulls, and Mastiff Dogs, which, as we have said, was held jointly by Henslowe and Alleyn, beginning with a letter from Henslowe to Alleyn of June 1598, stating that Ralph Bowes, the then master, was lying "very sycke" and beyond recovery. The patent was not issued to Henslowe and Alleyn till November 1604, and the documents following include a reprint (from the draft in Henslowe's own hand, which has not been reprinted before) of Henslowe and Alleyn's petition to the king, setting forth the expenses incurred by their office and pointing out how the prohibition of baiting on Sunday "in the after none after devine service" robbed them of the greater part of their profits. They have lost a number of bears, too, including a famous and "goodlye beare" called George Stone, mentioned by Ben Jonson in *The Silent Woman*, and by other contemporary authors; and they suggest that the divers vagrants and persons of loose and idle life that usually wander through the country with bears and bulls without any licence, killing valuable dogs and doing other damage, should have their beasts forfeited to his Majesty's use. The advertisement or "poster" of a baiting printed by Mr. Greg is not the least interesting nor the least horrible thing in his book.

Possibly the matter of the widest appeal comes in the appendices. Appendix I. contains the inventory of the "goods of my Lord Admeralles men" in March 1598, which Mr. Greg is compelled to reprint from Malone, since Malone, or Boswell, or both between them managed to lose the original document, which is now unknown. The value of the present reprint lies in Mr. Greg's notes, which are at once ingenious and secure in their explanation of the meaning of the various entries, and the tracing of the plays in which the things were used. On the vexed question whether or no there was any scenery employed in the playhouses of that day Mr. Greg is almost silent. The inventory of "properties" includes two entries which might open up a vast amount of discussion. "Item, ii marchepanes, and the sittie of Rome;" and: "Item, Cupedes bowe, and quiver; the clothe of the Sone and Mone." Mr. Greg is content to note that these entries suggest, as Malone observed, some sort of rudimentary scenery. With the knowledge at present at disposal it is impossible to say more. The use of the cloth of the sun and moon has not yet been traced.

The second Appendix contains those "plots, platts or platforms," which were supposed by Collier to be the outlines of impromptu plays, in which, after the fashion of the Italian *commedia dell' arte*, the performers made up their speeches for themselves, only the outlines of the action being indicated beforehand. That this view is untenable is proved by the fact that one of the plots, *The Battle of Alcazar*, corresponds exactly with the action of a printed and extant play. They were, as appears partly from their form, hung up behind the scenes for the use of the prompter and call-boy. They are mounted on pasteboard, which has a hole at the top for the peg on which they were hung; and besides the complete list of entrances and exits and the names of the actors, they contain sometimes instructions such as "sound sennett," "tucketts," "alarum," and statements of the properties required at any particular moment. In *The Battle of Alcazar*, for instance, the Furies (Parsons and George and Robert Taylor) enter with a whip, a bloody torch and a chopping knife: in the margin we read, "brand and

chopping knife." Of these plots, of which seven are known, Mr. Greg prints two for the first time from a manuscript in the British Museum: fragmentary plots of plays, one of them perhaps being the *Troilus and Cressida* on which Dekker and Chetile were at work in April 1599, the other perhaps the *Fortune's Tennis* which the Admiral's men bought of Dekker in 1600. Mr. Greg seems inclined to regard the first ascription as satisfactory, but is very doubtful about the second. *The Battle of Alcazar*, which has hitherto only been facsimiled by Halliwell, is especially interesting, as being the only plot which has a printed play extant to correspond to it.

Last in the volume comes a reprint of the part of Orlando in Green's *Orlando Furioso*, written out by a scribe with corrections probably by Alleyn, who seems to have played the part and to have studied it from this manuscript, which takes the form of a long roll. This has been reprinted before, but we recommend those who wish to study it to turn to Mr. Greg's version.

The foregoing slight sketch of the contents of this admirably edited volume will perhaps whet the appetites of readers for the second volume of the Henslowe "Diary," which will bring to completion an important and interesting task.

### THE NEAREST EAST

*The World's History.* Edited by Dr. H. F. HELMOLT. Vol. v.: *South Eastern and Eastern Europe.* (Heinemann, 15s. net.)

THE preface of this volume opens with an apology for the long delay in its appearance, but the most cursory inspection of its pages shows that no apology is needed. The enormous mass of material which has been closely epitomised where the sources are generally accessible, the wealth of detail in which the more obscure passages of Eastern European history have been displayed and developed by fresh research and careful rehandling of material, are sufficient proof of the thoroughness which the editors and contributors have brought to bear upon their work. Universal histories are for the most part unsatisfactory affairs. But the history of Eastern Europe is such a tangle of barbarism and culture, of races of immemorial tradition, and tribes of mushroom fame, and all are so inextricably mingled, even to-day, in the complicated affairs of those war-worn little states whose peoples are neither eastern nor western, that Greece and New Rome, Turkey, Hungary, Russia are but names and phases in a single complex development, which is far from complete to-day. Thus the volume has a unity of purpose which is not immediately apparent. Greek and Roman, Slav and Turk, Venetian and Crusader, Bulgar and Pechenege, have all combined to make the Nearer East a heritage of trouble to the modern world.

Dr. Rudolf von Scala has contributed the first section, dealing with the Greeks after Alexander the Great. His opening sketch emphasises the freedom of exchange between Asia and Greece in the earliest days, and in later times, the influence of Greek culture upon Rome. And, though some of the generalisations necessarily incident to a work of this kind may be open to adverse criticism on specialist grounds, the outline is as a rule singularly instructive in its place as an introduction to the subsequent history of south-east Europe. The book has been long in the making, otherwise we should have expected the discussion of prehistoric influences to contain some reference to the remarkable likeness between the art types of Bessarabia and Crete, and to the strong probability of the establishment of Aegean factories in Syria.

But there are some singularly acute passages in this opening chapter, which sum up admirably the general correspondence between Alexandrian history and that of mediæval Europe. Thus:

The intellectual conquest of the East was achieved by the keen Western faculty for scientific observation. But the nuptials of the



Orient and Occident, which were celebrated at the wedding festival in Susa, remained a slave-marriage, in which the East was lord and master. The admission of the Persians and other races into the great frame of the Macedonian army signified, it is true, a further victory of Western organisation; but the contemplated admission of Persian troops into the Macedonian phalanx would have broken it up.

This does not apply one whit less forcibly to the fatal welcome accorded to the Turk by Francis I. nearly two thousand years later. The weakness of Europe in the face of Ottoman invasion was due to the readiness to combine with the invader, which arose from internal jealousies, and one of the most remarkable features of the secular struggle between Christendom and Islam is the unity of the latter in face of the disunion of the former. Even Martin Luther preferred Suleimân to Clement—"seeing that the Turk is ten times cleverer and more pious than our princes."

The process by which the rise of the Eastern capital over Rome is shown to be the result of Christian vitality in Asia, is extremely ingenious, but not entirely convincing. But it is quite certain that Rome in the fourth century had reached a pitifully low level intellectually, and that the Eastern capacity for enthusiasm was stimulated simultaneously by the assimilation of the Christian religion with its warm appeal to humanity. The springs of natural inspiration had not run dry in the East, and were ready to flow afresh: in Rome was no reality, in religion, in art or in statecraft.

But the new Byzantine Empire was founded on insecure material.

The character of this East Roman Empire, which is given by the component elements of Hellenism, Orientalism, and Christianity, is at first profoundly affected by the caste-system of Diocletian and Constantine. The whole empire was an artificial fabric, with hereditary professions in every sphere, hereditary farmers and district counsellors [*sic*], guilds and army—a network of compulsory groups and classes into which even criminals are thrust. All sections of society were separated by hatred, struggling to be freed one from the other. A great gulf was fixed between the higher and lower classes. . . .

For the new Byzantine empire Christianity seemed a most essential element. To control it seemed to be the right of the sovereign; for this reason Constantine himself presided at the Council of Nicæa. The most striking features of the new development were the interest of the sovereign in theological disputes, and the right which he claimed to decide them (Cæsaro-papism).

These two paragraphs epitomise the underlying causes almost of the whole of Byzantine development, whose history Dr. von Scala carries down to the very end—where the influence of the conquered Greeks is shown to have extended itself even to the Osmanli—and even further to a paragraphic sketch of Greece since the revolution of '27—a section more fully treated in the succeeding section, "Turkey in Europe and Armenia," by Dr. Heinrich Zimmern.

This section is of absorbing interest, and is written with much sympathy, and a close adherence to the recognised authorities, which, of course, are plentiful. The Chinese connections of the Turks in their pre-Islamic development are well outlined, but naturally it is not until they become intimately concerned in European affairs that much detail is imported into the narrative. There is an excellent genealogical tree of the Osman Emirs and Sultans from Suleimân to Abd-ul-Hamid. One of the most striking features of the story of Turkish conquest is the hopeless want of combination among the European states which were called upon to meet the first shock of Muhammadan invasion. And when the Turk was firmly established in Europe:

Pope Calixtus III. issued a new Crusade Bull on May 15, 1455. The order of the Minorites worked miracles of eloquence as Crusade preachers. . . . On the other hand, Charles VII. of France absolutely forbade meetings in his country, and retained the crusading fleet for service against England. Burgundy embezzled the funds of the Crusade, Alfonso of Naples misused the papal fleet for an expedition against Genoa; and in 1455 King Christian of Denmark and Norway plundered the cathedral sacristy of Ro(e)skilde of the "Turkish offerings" given by the pious.

Again:

When Ferdinand's ambassador boasted of the emperor's power to Ibrahim Pasha, the Grand Vizier interrupted him with the words: "Has he made peace with Martin Luther?"

The confusion of Turkish history is straightened out with considerable success, and a rapid survey brings the narrative down to the present day. It is plain that English policy in dealing with Turkey has no pleasant taste for the writer, while it is quite natural that he should over-estimate the value of German influence and organisation in Turkey:

This short campaign (the Græco-Turkish War of 1897) had proved that the efforts of German instructors to improve the organisation, the training, mobilisation, leadership and discipline of the Turkish troops had borne good fruit.

Any one who went through that campaign knows that Edhem Pasha was a born leader and organiser, and as to the Turkish troops, we know how they fought at Plevna before Germany had given them much instruction! Aias among the sheep had a task scarcely easier than that which confronted the Turks at Domoko. Only at Melouna did they meet foes worthy of their steel, and those were Albanians and Ionian islanders.

It is with satisfaction that we note the careful sketch of Armenian origins which precedes the history of Armenia. The theory that the Armenians may be akin to the mysterious "Hittites" is no more than mentioned. But it is plain that the writer realises the immense importance of this point to the general question of Mediterranean ethnology. The Armenian literary and theological history is well epitomised, and the Armenian question (which is treated with the greatest moderation and yet with much dramatic effect) seems to grow naturally out of the history of this ever-unfortunate people, of whom the author truly says:

If the mistakes of the Armenians fill to overflowing one scale of the balance, their sufferings are more than an adequate counterpoise.

Scarcely less interesting from the ethnological point of view is the very short notice of the Albanians. Professor Karl Pauli held them to be Thracian in origin, chiefly on linguistic grounds. But this race, whose language and traditions alike are a hopeless mixture of Greek, Roman, Slavonic and Turkish elements, is not one to which any origin can be ascribed with certainty, though it seems fairly clear that the Geghes are Illyrian, and there is no doubt that the principal stock is Indo-European.

It is quite impossible to pursue the appreciation of this volume in detail to the end. It is, perhaps, to the chapter (vii.) "Eastern Europe" that we should give the highest praise, where all are excellent. Dr. Vladimir Milkowicz has imported into his work a smoothness and cohesion which make the conflicting interests, powers, impulses of the peoples of Eastern Europe as nearly intelligible as they can ever become to Western minds. For there is little doubt that in the scramble for the power and glory of the further East, that far more complex "Orient" which lies nearer our doors has been forgotten or despised. Indeed it has never been thoroughly "discovered." It is a little startling to realise that Adam of Bremen was repeating in the eleventh century A.D. the tales which Herodotus had told in the fifth century B.C., concerning those mysterious folk who lived north-east of the Danube. And it is with rare simplicity of diction that the author describes for us the moving spirits of history-making in the desolate regions of the East of Europe. It is only within the last three hundred years that the vast stretch of land between the Carpathians and the Urals has begun to count for anything in European history: and even now it would be hard to find much general interest in, or knowledge of, the development of Southern Russia. The great division between the Eastern and Western Empires finds its echo in the division of Russia and Poland. Yet how little it

is realised that Russia is a descendant, in a great degree, of the empire of Justinian. Vladimir's quaint and violent methods of Christianising his people are eminently characteristic of his race—and no less of the source of his conversion. Yet in one generation more the ruler of Russia was connected by marriage with Norway, Poland, Hungary—even with France, and Jaroslav enjoyed a "European reputation." The wearisome tangle of principalities which sunk Russia out of sight of European affairs for another six centuries was not the fault of Jaroslav the Wise, nor indeed of the petty princes themselves, but was simply a matter of geography, always an intractable factor. Poland, nearer to Europe, and earlier infused with learning and culture, floated on the troubled waters of Russian unrest, until that which our author calls *morbus nimie libertatis* put a period to her turbulent existence. But the Russia of to-day is scarcely more stable than Poland in the early eighteenth century, though the reasons are different.

Russia urgently needs another Peter the Great to tear aside the veil of darkness. She has had great men in abundance, and only awaits the one leader who may, like Moses, by one magic stroke make the stream gush from the rock. The small people of the ancient Greeks once conquered the world by its culture and won itself friends everywhere; even the masterful Roman nation bowed before the Hellenic intellect. Russia, from her antipathy to culture, has many bitter foes. The world in these days can only tolerate enlightened peoples. The first achievement expected from a great nation is progress in culture. Military and political conquests alone can bring no salvation, and the results hitherto attained can hardly repay the Russian people for the enormous sacrifices it has made.

The work of the translator has been uniformly well performed throughout the volume. The few illustrations are admirable, with the exception of one or two of the portraits in the Turkish section. Especially worthy of notice is a wonderfully clear photograph of the document by which Louis I. of Hungary confirmed the Golden Bull of Freedom of Andreas II. Although the reproduction is but a process-block, every word of the beautifully regular though somewhat cramped hand is clearly legible, save where folding abrasions and stains have blurred the writing. The coloured illustrations, printed on an egg-shell surface, are also very successful.

Of minor faults (there are no great ones) we note a few misprints—one, unfortunately, involving a date, where the agreement of Reichstadt appears as having been concluded in January 1887, instead of 1877—and a singular pair of slips in the translation of botanical Latin, on page 612. *Buxus sempervirens* (the common box) is translated as "the Norwegian pine, or Caucasian palm"! and *Juglans regia* (walnut) as "hazel." For the rest the book is a truly remarkable compendium of a little understood and less appreciated section of the world; and the time may not be far distant when the outcome and sequel of the events herein set out may engage the very strenuous attention of the now complacent West.

#### HISTORY AND HUMOUR

*Ireland and the Celtic Church.* By the late Professor STOKES.  
Revised by Professor LAWLOR. (S.P.C.K., 5s.)

PROFESSOR LAWLOR'S short preface gives adequate reason for a reprint of Dr. Stokes's valuable lectures on Irish Church History. The scope of this work is from the conversion of Ireland to the submission of the primate to Henry II.

In so long a period it is natural that a course of lectures should give a series of pictures rather than a mere summary of history. We are inclined to think that compilations and primers, of which there are far too many, simply weary the student, and certainly produce little of that desire for further research, which appears to have been a main object with Dr. Stokes.

This may be inferred from his amusing reply to those critics who were offended by his "treating Irish history in

a style different from the great masters in the past and discussing it in a very flippant spirit." This criticism Dr. Stokes met in a delightful preface to his later work, "Ireland and the Anglo-Norman Church," confessing that "he has suffered such critics very gladly:

There are [he adds] some circles where obscurity is mistaken for profound thought, and pedantic dulness for surpassing learning. But then, if a member of such circles tried his methods upon a young university audience, his lecture-room would be a howling wilderness, and himself the voice of one crying therein.

We are certain that no one could find this book dull. He must be a very wooden-headed pedant, who mistakes for flippancy that ready Irish wit and humour, which enlivens the telling of dry facts. We confess to a feeling that Dr. Stokes's vivacious treatment is positively stimulating to the study of history, being reminded of a very similar method followed by Bishop Stubbs in his lectures when Professor of History at Oxford. Intelligent students, though unable yet to wade through original sources, are attracted and stimulated to further research.

The lectures on the connection between Ireland and the East, and on Greek and Hebrew learning in Irish monasteries, throw much light on the degree of culture then attained, as well as on the travelled intercourse between distant countries, which, as Professor Stokes says, some imagine as belonging only to an age of steam. Nor could any one, after reading "Ireland and the Celtic Church" maintain the "mischievous and ignorant opinion that the inhabitants of Ireland were simple barbarians prior to the invasion of Strongbow."

The story of St. Jerome's postman, Sysinnius, shows us that if their journeys were longer, the monastic postmen were quite equal to their modern country successors, in gleaning and carrying all manner of scandal.

In the chapters on St. Columba, and the great Paschal Controversy, something may be learned of the debt which northern England owed to the monastery of Iona. On this Stokes remarked with sarcastic humour:

I lately heard of an English ecclesiastical holding a high official position, who, when visiting Dublin, scoffed at the idea of England owing any of its Christianity to Irish missionaries. It is thus evident that a man may gain great ecclesiastical promotion in the English Church and yet never have opened his Bede.

We observe that the chief features which connect Ireland with other countries in the general sphere of social, political and ecclesiastical life, are variously discussed, but we are surprised that nothing is said of the intercourse with the sister church in Wales. Mr. Willis Bund, in his "Celtic Church in Wales," shows how intimate this connection was: the Irish Church, for example, frequently sending over a Bishop for the consecration of the Welsh Bishops.

The Danish invasion of Ireland is a chapter of history full of interest, but too little known to the general reader.

Dr. Stokes's account will probably induce him to turn to that fascinating work, Haliday's "Scandinavian Kingdom of Dublin."

The history of the founding of the See of Dublin and of the struggle between Celtic and Danish Christianity will help to explain to the English mind the existence in Dublin of two cathedrals, Christ Church not being the cathedral of the Celtic Church, but founded by the Northmen, whose gradual ascendancy led to the surrender of the independence of the ancient Irish Church to the Papal See.

Altogether we consider that Professor Stokes's book has proved itself to be a serious contribution towards the intelligent study of history, despite the colloquial method, apparently unnecessary explanations, and even the occasional slight errors in statement of facts, which are perhaps inevitable in a set of lectures. Professor Lawlor's work has been chiefly to correct these, and, in his short notes, to add some valuable later references to more recent investigation.



## EARLY ENGLISH ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY

*Bede's Ecclesiastical History of England.* A revised translation with Introduction, Life, and Notes by A. M. SELLAR, late Vice-Principal of Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford. (Bell, 6s. net.)

WE are quite in accord with Miss Sellar that Mr. Plummer's edition of Bede has made it superfluous, for the present, at least, to write any notes on "Bede's Ecclesiastical History." We also agree that there is room for a short and trustworthy translation of Bede, giving the substance of the views held by recognised authorities. But we are inclined to doubt if Miss Sellar's book supplies either want. As stated, the translation is that of Giles, revised, it is said, but it is a pity the revision was not more complete, as it partakes more of a reproduction than a revision. This, however, is a minor matter. The translation, whether it is Giles's or Miss Sellar's, will be quite sufficient for the ordinary student for whom, we presume, the book is intended. The notes are, however, a different matter, and in any edition of the "Ecclesiastical History" if the notes are to be of any use they should be brought up to date. When speaking of the Diocletian persecution in 304 A.D. Miss Sellar, it is true, says that the martyrdom of Aaron and Julius is very doubtful, but adds that "Legionum urbis" is "Caerleon on Usk," the headquarters of the second legion. She admits the name was also applied to Chester, the seat of the "twentieth legion." She does not, however, tell us that this mention of Aaron and Julius is only a copy from Gildas, and she does not tell us that both Haddan and Stubbs and Mr. Plummer consider the whole story extremely doubtful. Haddan and Stubbs go on to say that while there is a local tradition about St. Alban, there is nothing as to Aaron and Julius except the Gildas passage before, possibly, the ninth century, and then only in one of the Landaff charters. Miss Sellar says there is no reason to doubt the existence of the British protomartyr; even if this is granted there is the strongest reason for doubting the existence of the Celtic protomartyrs, and also that Caerleon on Usk was the place of the alleged martyrdom. Zimmer, who has written since Mr. Plummer, says that the statement of Gildas cannot be regarded as historical evidence.

In regard to Bede's statement that Palladius was sent by Pope Celestin to the Scots to be the first bishop, Miss Sellar tells us an undoubted truth "that there is much confusion with regard to the mission of Palladius," but she does not give us very much light on the matter except to add that "the origin of Irish Christianity is very obscure" but so far matter of that is the origin of British Christianity.

The mission of Germanus and Lupus also gives rise to a somewhat doubtful statement. We are told that there are churches dedicated to SS. Germanus and Lupus in Wales and Cornwall. So far as we are aware, there is no church or chapel in Wales dedicated to both these two saints. There are several churches dedicated to St. Germanus under the form of Garmon, and two churches in Glamorganshire which are dedicated to St. Bleiddian, Llanfleid-dianfaur and Llanfleid-dianfach, assuming, which is not clear, that Bleiddian is the Welsh form of Lupus and represents the Bishop of Troyes and not a Welsh St. Lythian. There may be dedication to him. It is hardly worth notice that the real title of the Gildas book is "De Excidio Britannicæ," not "De excidis liber querulus" as given by Miss Sellar, but this might tend to confuse those students for whom this book is intended. We may also mention that on Mr. Haverfield's map on Roman Britain in the Historical Atlas no such name as "Dorovernis" appears, and it would have been as well to give the real Latin name of Canterbury "Durovernum."

We have not space to point out all the peculiarities to be found in these notes, we will only refer to one other matter, the celebrated conferences between Augustine and the British bishops or rather abbots. It would be useless

to go into the vexed question of the site of the legendary Augustine's oak. Probably the conjecture of Haddan and Stubbs that it was at Aust in Gloucestershire, which took the name rather from the Traiectus Augusti, the passage into Wales, than to the oak of Augustine, is the best. The points on which the British and Romans differed were practically the keeping of Easter and the ceremonies in Baptism. As to Easter the British followed the old Roman custom as it existed up to 458, and the admission of the Roman change would imply subjection to the Roman Church instead of independence. Possibly if the question of Easter had been conceded the British might have given way on the ceremonies in baptism. But as Bede says, the real point between them was "si ei subdi cæperimus", our independence is gone. We cannot agree with Miss Sellar that the Synod of Whitby settled the matter so far as Wales was concerned. That Synod was held in 664, and is spoken of by Haddan and Stubbs as a mere Northumbrian gathering. A reference to this book would have shown that the South Wales bishops in 809 would not agree to the proposals of Elvod to change the date of Easter.

One word as to the map. The only place which is marked in Wales is Maserfelth, the site of which is not known but is supposed to be near Oswestry. Surely "Civitas Legionum," if it is, as Miss Sellar says, Caerleon on Usk, might be indicated instead of having South Wales "a perfect and absolute blank." If Roman roads are to be marked the "Sarn Helen" and the Via Julia should not have been omitted.

## THE LIBRARY TABLE

*Outlines of European History.* By A. J. GRANT, Professor of History in Leeds University. (Longmans, 3s. 6d.)

PROFESSOR GRANT in this volume of three hundred and sixty-eight pages purports to give us a manual of European history from the time of Homer to the Treaty of Berlin, or, in his own words,

a wide outlook over all the ages and an understanding of the chief phases through which civilisation has passed and of the chief influences that have moulded it.

A more difficult task it would be hardly possible for any one to attempt. Two qualities are absolutely necessary for it: a strict sense of proportion and absolute accuracy. Neither of them, if we are to judge by the book, is possessed by Mr. Grant. He gives a page to the Council of Trent and about the same space to the Hague Conference of 1898; he devotes a chapter to Calvinism and half a page to Lutheranism, two pages to the war of the Spanish succession, a page to the Russian campaign of Napoleon, 1813-1814, and Waterloo. As to accuracy, we do not see why Metternich should have been deprived of twenty years of life; he is said to have died in 1839—the real date was 1859. This, we hope, is the printer's fault. Such a book should not take upon itself the spirit of prophecy, such as that Europe will sink in importance while the colonies will rise, that the white man's military supremacy will remain unchallenged. All this may be true, but it is hardly the province of a book on the outlines of European history to discuss it; nor do we think Prince Hohenlohe's memoirs, which are cited as an authority for these prophecies, quite bear them out.

*Shinto.* By W. G. ASTON, Litt.D. Religions Ancient and Modern. (Constable, 1s. net.)

THIS is certainly not the least interesting volume of Messrs. Constable's useful series of little books on the religions of the world, and it will serve to dissipate many popular errors concerning the religion of Japan. It has been fashionable to regard Shinto as a kind of

go-as-you-please form of ancestor-worship, resting on no mythical or cosmogonic foundation, inspired by an easy morality and by a still easier outlook upon life. Lafcadio Hearn did his best to dissipate this idea, but without much success. For although he, if any European could, understood the Japanese temperament, it is to be doubted whether he ever really got rid of the Buddhist flavour of modern Japan. The sympathies of the author of this little book are not particularly Japanese, but his observation is keen and his statement of facts is plain and uncoloured by the fatal Japanese glamour. He renders a very real service to those who begin their study of Japanese religion with his book, by emphasising the fact that the germ of Shinto lies not in ancestor-worship, but in nature-worship, and that the first gods of Japan are extra-human cosmogonic forces every whit as much as Kronos, Ouranos or Gaia in the myths of Greece. At the same time, we are inclined to think that the summary rejection of Hearn's theory of Shinto as a "religion of fear" in origin, is somewhat hasty.

Of course the point of contact between the worship of nature-gods and that of the ancestor, is the adoption of gods as ancestors. As the author points out, even Buddha is found as an "ancestor." But this fact affords no ground for a denial of the element of genuine ancestor-worship in the later stages of Shinto development. Mr. Aston appears to confuse the *mitama* and the *shintai* to some extent, when he lays emphasis on the non-anthropomorphic nature of the latter. Aniconism does not necessarily imply non-anthropomorphism in the deity represented. Apollo and Aphrodite were most emphatically anthropomorphic deities, though the Omphalos stone of Apollo and the cone of Paphos were decidedly aniconic, and in the latter case at any rate there is no reason to suppose that the symbol of a non-anthropomorphic deity had been appropriated by one anthropomorphic.

It is remarkable that the first nature-gods are brutally anthropomorphic. The story of Izanagi and Izanami is not pleasant reading. And it is also interesting to note that though there is no Returned Saviour myth, the Descent into Hell is present in full force, and offers some points of parallelism with the Dionysos-Semele story.

It is rather unkind of the author to dismiss the whole chronology of the heroic age of the Japanese imperial line from Jimmu down to about 400 A.D. as "a colossal fraud," and the narrative of this period of a thousand years as "no better than legend when it is not absolute fiction." But, so long as the student does not forget the value of legend—even of legendary chronology—no great harm is done.

The chapter on "Morality and Purity" is a remarkably good piece of work, and the following pages on "Divination and Inspiration" compress a good deal of information into a very small space. There is an admirable little bibliography, quite up-to-date, and we can heartily recommend this book as a plain and sensible introduction to the serious study of Japanese religion.

*Memories of Famous Trials.* By EVELYN BURNABY. (Sisleys, 7s. 6d.)

WITH a certain sort of small boy it is a fairly common practice to sneak into back-yard slaughter-houses to gloat or shudder over sights which most of us would walk miles to avoid. The boy who became the author of this book was taken when very young to attend assizes. "From that moment," he tells us, "I took a keen interest in the law courts. . . . It was a pleasure to me to attend the Old Bailey Sessions and listen to the speeches of famous advocates," etc. Truly a strange taste, and a gruesome one, although this cleric does not seem to feel it so; indeed from the force of habit he has acquired much of that professional callousness we often notice in practising barristers. He never appears to realise for a moment that a criminal trial is a human tragedy, and he marks not the

man or woman in the dock, passing in pain through a momentous ordeal.

This attitude of mind is common enough in courts—surely a two-fold curse is set on punishment, since it degrades the giver and the given.

It was [says Mr. Burnaby] of course no unusual circumstance for rooms to be engaged on the occasion of a public execution and for supper parties to be organised by representatives of the upper classes from the West End to witness in the early morning the grim spectacle of the carrying out of the extreme penalty of the law.

And again:

The final scene in a trial for murder was always more or less dramatic. In the old days a dinner used to be given upstairs and sometimes the orgies were prolonged well into the night after Her Majesty's judges had gone home.

But at this somewhat ghoulish kind of revel Mr. Burnaby would have been merely in congenial company. Speaking of a Scotch murder case in which a verdict of Not Proven was returned, we find him musing:

What a merry party we were as we foregathered each evening during the trial discussing the additional evidence, remarking on the prisoner's coolness, and laying wagers on the verdict—all of us shrouded in fumes of smoke.

When we began this book we wondered why Mr. Burnaby had attended trials, and the perusal of the work affords to us no satisfactory answer. Though he recounts some interesting episodes and some smart sayings coming from the Bench, he writes without insight or dramatic power, and the book is disfigured by a prevailing tone of petty worldliness and snobbish bombast. Once a police friend of the author's had observed to him: "You ought to have been the detective and I the parson." At any rate, as regards the first part of this sentence the (reviewer's) court is quite with him.

*Australian Shooting Sketches and Other Stories.* By E. A. HENTY (Mrs. EDWARD STARKEY). (Digby, Long, 6s.)

SEVEN agreeable, rattling papers describing essentially Australian sports such as platypus shooting, kangaroo, emu and 'possum hunting, make up the bulk of this volume. It offers good reading not merely to the sportsman, but equally to the arm-chair adventurer who goes a-hunting by deputy. Mrs. Starkey, as becomes a descendant of the four brothers Henty, the first explorers and pioneer-founders of the colony of Victoria (to whom this book is dedicated), knows the life of the Australian bush and "back-blocks" so intimately that she takes for granted the reader's knowledge of much that it would be interesting to learn about the life and habits of Australia's unique fauna. A mere globe-trotter would have striven laboriously to impart this, and though we should have welcomed fuller naturalist details, we realise that if these sketches had been more informative they would have been less lively, graphic, and redolent of Australia. There is the greater interest, therefore, in the author's casual sidelights—in her incidental description of the platypus—a bird of paradox with its soft silver grey fur, webbed feet and ducklike bill; in her reference to the resounding thuds which the kangaroo makes on the ground with its tail as it leaps from its pursuers, and in the fierceness with which the emu turns to bay, often killing a dog with one lightning stroke of its talons. Mrs. Starkey raises a curious point in the fact that the birds and animals native to the hot Australian climate should be covered with close thick plumage and fur. One thing we catch in these pages, and that is the sense of vastness of up-country life in Australia, the freedom of "great spaces washed with sun," a sense of pagan joy in the power and speed and danger of a horse ridden hard over wild country in pursuit of really wild animals. It makes the speed madness of a motorist rushing his car round a cement-track very much a mechanic happening. It is the more unfortunate, therefore, that this book should have been padded out to the regulation three hundred pages by the inclusion of four short stories—efforts in fiction on mechanical, conventional lines.



## VICTOR HUGO'S INTELLECTUAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY

THE beating of an enormous drum, the rushing of wind into a vast vacuum, are productive of noise which may agitate, frighten, impose, excite admiration, and even by the process of panic rouse popular movements, but, once the noise is stilled, the damage repaired, no one can seriously pretend that either an intellectual or an artistic manifestation has taken place. Everything that is on a gigantic scale, however ugly in appearance or disastrous in its effects it may be, produces on the majority of minds an impression of grandeur. In the presence of a cyclone, stupidly devastating a cathedral, it is permissible to speak with awe of cosmic forces. But when all is over, the excitement at an end, it is the spirit of emptiness which reigns supreme. The music of the storm is not music. The beauty of old ruins is an added thing, a gift which Time brings as a succedaneum to the despair of Death. Victor Hugo, according to those who admire him most, and are presumably therefore most in sympathy with his temperament, was a cosmic force. It was in terms of savage nature and of its concomitant phenomena that they have generally sought to describe him. The author of this translation of Victor Hugo's "Post Scriptum de ma Vie," Mr. Lorenzo O'Rourke, in a preface which effectually formulates the cosmic view of the French writer's qualities, quotes Flaubert's description of him as "a force of nature with the sap of trees in his blood"; Sainte Beuve learned from his barber that the "hair of his head was triple the texture of that of others, and that it nicked his razors"; Gautier likens him to

an oak that dominates the forest. . . . Its deep-reaching roots drink of the sap at the heart of the earth, its head almost touches heaven. . . . It braves the sun, the tempest, the wind, the thunder and the rain. The very scars of the thunderbolt have added to its beauty something formidable and superb.

Taine applied the words "violent sorcery" to his style.

Mr. Lorenzo O'Rourke, infected by this enthusiasm, outdoes even Victor Hugo himself in extravagant estimation of his hero's genius. The author of "Les Misérables" contented himself with saying: "There is only one classic—do you understand me well?—only one. I mean myself." Mr. Lorenzo O'Rourke proclaims Victor Hugo to be

a primitive genius of the Homeric strain upon whose ideas have been engrafted the conceptions of Copernicus and Darwin. . . . One thinks of him as of Napoleon.

A few pages further on Mr. O'Rourke thinks of him "as of some Titan sculptor of an antique world . . . the Michelangelo of modern literature . . . he belongs to the breed of the 'uomo terribile' of the Renaissance"; and of course he tells us that "the modern conception of the Cosmos" does not suffice for Victor Hugo's formidable imagination.

What *rot* all this is—the dry rot, as it were, of that same cosmic tree whose sap, we are asked to believe, ran in the veins of Victor Hugo, and whose trunk perhaps served at one time for the manufacture of not a few blockheads, but whose vegetation is now so poor and withered a thing. We do not of course propose to argue that a poet is less of a poet because the generation that succeeds him neglects his words. As everybody knows there are few examples of poets of any value who have not been treated with ingratitude by posterity. Where Art is concerned, the judgment of the mob is of no importance at any time of the day, week or century, whether it expresses itself during the artist's lifetime or subsequent to his death. Indeed it is noticeable that the very same imbeciles who are loudest in decrying a new master when he first manifests his genius are precisely those who proclaim the noisiest, most fanatical and most impertinent admiration of him, as soon as it has become the fashion to recognise his worth. This is what has

happened to Whistler and to Rodin, and again it is a case of the wind rushing into a vacuum. The fool makes a religion of his own folly. But though Victor Hugo is no exception to the general rule, and has greatly lost in prestige since his death even with many of his own countrymen who were formerly among his most enthusiastic admirers, the mere fact that he claimed to be identified with an epoch, to be the dominant influence in the France of his time, makes it much easier to judge whether this decline in reputation is or is not justified.

It was the grotesque vanity of Victor Hugo that prevented him from perceiving that the French collapse in 1870 was the collapse of the very spirit which he more than any other writer that ever lived personified and helped to propagate—the spirit of bombast, of immeasurably silly bounce, of belief in the power of mere talk and extravagant gesture, combined with calculating egoism, from which a taint of depravity and hypocrisy was not altogether lacking—a melodramatic spirit constantly at issue, in the interests of its own self-conceit, with the facts of life and doomed to meet disaster at the first contact with sincerity. Mr. O'Rourke quotes Swinburne as declaring "that future generations will identify our epoch with the name of Victor Hugo." So far as France is concerned this is, alas! only too true. We have but to turn back to the annals of half a century ago to see how blinded with extravagant self-love, and theatrical misconceptions, the French nation had then become; and under such circumstances the awful awakening that came about at the hands of the German foe is in no way surprising. It was the age of gas for the French people. The war of 1870 was the battle between the thunderbolt and the balloon. Every department of French life suffered from this inflated spirit of excessive self-estimation, traces of which survive even to this day, while the disastrous consequences which it entailed will in some measure affect the national life for at least another generation. And certainly among all the gas-bags to whom France, temporarily demented, attached her fortunes of any kind whatsoever during that most disastrous period in her history which concerns the Second Empire, and a large part of the Third Republic, from Napoleon III. to Gambetta, none ever achieved such fantastic proportions of flatulent futility as did Victor Hugo. The evil that he did lives after him.

It has taken over thirty years of silent disabused effort to recover from it, and even now the cure is not altogether complete, though the heroic effort towards national rehabilitation, which has already achieved such splendid result, must command the fullest admiration, not only from the friends of France but from her enemies. In the effort, however, the French character has certainly undergone a change. This is evident not only to the ordinary observer whose souvenirs of what was give him a standard of comparison with what is, but are proved by countless indications of a thoroughly tangible character, such as electoral statistics. The Frenchman has lost his confidence in mere rhetoric. He has left behind him that low level upon which people stand when they believe and practise the belief that life is the reflection of an Ambigu melodrama. What attracts people to the theatre is the temporary illusion it gives them that they have the ordering of the world in their own hands. Good or evil triumph according to the public will which, needless to say, is also that of the theatrical manager. The bank clerk becomes for the time being a god. It was this belief that the ordering of the world had been committed to the hands of France which led to the disasters of the Franco-German War. Victor Hugo was inspired by the same spirit, which was that of his French contemporaries, and his works, whether in prose or verse, are its complete reflection. The same disaster has overtaken them for the same reason. The France of to-day is everything except Hugonian. England received and needed a somewhat similar lesson a few years ago in connection with certain semi-national illusions to

which a new school of poetry and prose had given rhetorical form. The name of Victor Hugo is, of course, immortal, but it is immortality identified with an epoch of national failure.

His "Post Scriptum de ma Vie" contains many interesting self-revelations and is worth reading at least in parts, but it is only in a very limited sense of the term his "intellectual autobiography." Much, indeed most of it, is the purest balderdash, particularly his antithetical comments upon the French Revolution, and his pompously blatant periods about Life and Death. But Mr. Lorenzo O'Rourke is an American, and he is only following a fashion originated in his own country, and now flourishing in ours, of substituting "yellow" headlines for the old style of book-title which had, as a rule, some claim to bibliographical accuracy. The fact that Carlyle's "History of the French Revolution" is entirely written in yellow head-lines is not a sufficient excuse for this practice.

ROWLAND STRONG.

## THE SANGRAAL—II

THE evidence for the Celtic and Sacramental origins of the Graal legend is to be found directly, in the lives of the Welsh saints, especially in the life of St. David. Indirectly; it may be gathered from many works which treat of early British Christianity.

Now, before we begin to trace certain analogies between our legend and the ecclesiastical histories, it will be as well to say a word or two about Celtic Christianity. And in the first place, there rises the question: was the Celtic Church of the fifth, sixth, and seventh centuries the continuous successor of the Christian Church which undoubtedly existed in Britain during the Roman occupation? Or, again: did Christianity conquer the whole island during the Roman rule, or was it confined, with exceptions, to the garrison towns and to the country adjacent to such towns? There is no certain answer to either of the questions; not for the first time I call on the experts to come forward and be decisive, if they can. But the more probable opinion seems to be that the Christianity of St. David, St. Dyfrig, St. Teilo, St. Iltyd, and their successors was in the main a new, or a greatly modified form of Christianity, grafted perhaps on certain remnants which had survived the Roman exodus. There are reasons to be given for these (probable) conclusions. There are no early Welsh legends which profess to give the story of the first introduction of the religion into Britain, though all the legends take it for granted that the faith was established from early times. The hagiology of the British Church begins, for all practical purposes, with the post-Roman period, and tells how Pelagianism having overwhelmed the island, certain saints from Gaul came over, routed the heretics, and established orthodoxy. It has been suggested that for Pelagianism we should read Paganism, and that the two saints, Germanus and Lupus were, in reality, the evangelisers of Britain. No doubt there were Christians scattered about here and there; but the rather late monumental stone, with the inscription, *Homo Christianus fuit*, inclines one to believe that Christianity was the exception rather than the rule. Celtic scholars have wondered how an imaginative people could have been attracted by the heresy of Pelagius—which is more stupid and unenlightened than the common run of heresies—and the answer may be that the British never were attracted by this "New Theology" of the fifth century. Of course there is the story of Bran Vendigeid; but here we have an evident transmutation of a purely pagan demigod into a Christian saint. Gildas (a contemporary of King Arthur) knows nothing of this legend, nor indeed of any material whatsoever for the early history of British Christianity. We may take it then as a working hypothesis at all events that the early

Celtic memory could go no farther back than the period of the SS. Germanus and Lupus, and this period, therefore, would be, so far as our inquiry is concerned, the epoch of the Christianisation of Britain.

From which tentative but highly probable conclusion it follows that the Celtic legends which were available for the Anglo-French romance writers of the twelfth century were legends which referred to the saints of the fifth and sixth centuries, and not to the saints or missionaries of the first, second, and third centuries. These doubtless had existed; but for one reason or another they had not succeeded in dwelling in the Celtic memory. And so, when we read in a romance of Joseph of Arimathea coming from Palestine to Britain in the first century, we may translate that sentence into: X came from Gaul to Britain in the fifth century. In other words, the British Church of the Romances is a glorification of the British Church from c. 420 to c. 666, about which time Cadwalader, the last king of Britain, died, the Relics of the Saints were removed or lost, and Celtdom and the Celtic Church began to suffer their long death-agony.

Now the lives of St. David, St. Carannoc, and of other saints of the same period are accessible in histories which date from the end of the eleventh or the beginning of the twelfth century; but whatever may be said of the date of compilation, the material used is certainly antique. There is little or no trace of Norman or Roman influence, and the manner of the legends and of the incidents described is exactly similar to the manner of the seventh century life of St. Columba by St. Adamnan. As an example of the primitive and uncorrupted state of the Welsh hagiologies, I may mention that Arthur, whose name occurs a few times, is very far indeed from having attained the position which he occupies in Geoffrey of Monmouth; he does not even foreshadow the Arthur of the Romances. In one tale "a certain tyrant named Arthur" is punished by a saint for his impiety; in another Life he is represented as being in a district about twenty miles from Caerleon, the splendid capital of the later Arthurian legend, and Arthur does not know in the least where he is! Of course there may have been another set of early Welsh stories in which Arthur was already a mystic figure, indeed it is almost certain that this was the case; but the absence of all romantic treatment of him in the Lives of the Welsh Saints proves, I think, pretty conclusively that we may accept them as handing on faithfully traditions of the seventh and sixth centuries.

These traditions, then, are legends of the Christianising of Britain, and of the great men who carried out the work—and such done into high romantic dialect is the story of the coming of the Sangraal. To take the case of St. David first: his birth was foretold to his father by an angel in a dream. Sant (or Sandde) was to go out hunting, when he would find three things—a stag, a fish, and a honeycomb, prophetic of the son who should be born to him; and the adventure duly fell out as the angel had foretold. The honeycomb prophesied David's wisdom, "for as the honey is in the wax, so he will hold a spiritual sense in an historical instrument"—a sentence which I venture to think a very remarkable one. But "the fish denotes his aquatic life . . . therefore David will be surnamed David of Aquatic Life." Note here the analogy of the saint and the "Rich Fisherman" of the Graal Romances; and while this point is under consideration it may also be remarked that in South Wales there is a "Church of the Watermen"—they were rescued from the water and nourished by miraculous fishes—and that one of the saints—Ilar—is actually called Bysgottwr, or Fisherman. It is certain, that early Celtic Christianity was acquainted with the Ichthus symbolism, and it would appear that at a later period the significance of the fish had been forgotten. The phrase "denotes his aquatic life," the title "vir aquaticus" seems to show that the writer of the Life was ignorant of the fact that the fish is Christ, and more especially the Christ present in the Eucharist. It is not difficult, perhaps, to imagine that



from this ignorance, this confusion, arose the figure of the Roi Pêcheur, the Rich Fisherman, who keeps the Graal, the Holy Vessel which held "the Mighty, Unpolluted Fish," that is the Body and Blood of Christ: *panis ipse verus et aqua viva Piscis*. In the earliest of the Romances the ancestor of the Graal keepers is made to catch a fish, which gives him his title; it is not difficult, I say, to suppose that such a story should be invented to account for a forgotten symbolism; and the associations which I have noted between certain of the Welsh saints and the Fish are at least worthy of attention.

There are many curious circumstances in this Life of St. David. At the Synod of Llandewibrefi it is said that David was acknowledged as "sovereign of the saints of the isle of Britain . . . as God gave Mattheus in Judæa . . . Christ in Jerusalem, and Peter in Rome . . . so He has given St. David to be in the island of Britain." The passage is a curious one; there are already traces of the extravagant claims made for Josephes in the romances. Still more curious is another passage. The Patriarch of Jerusalem, who is represented as the consecrator of David, gave him: "a certain hallowed altar in which the Lord's Body had reposed, which abounded in innumerable virtues. Never was this altar seen after the death of the bishop [St. David] by any son of man; but it lies hidden, covered with skins . . . And hence the common people call it the Gift from Heaven." And in another passage this altar is called *anceps*, which may be interpreted by a passage from the life of St. Carannoc, to whom "Christ gave an honourable altar from on high, the colour of which no person could comprehend."

In these three quotations, it seems to me, one has already the germ of the Graal, and of the claims made by its keepers. For it should be noted that in the early romances the chalice idea is by no means a fixed and constant one. We have seen how in the "High History" the Graal assumed five forms, the last of which was the chalice, while in the metrical romance of Borron, and in the Grand Saint Graal, the Holy Vessel is taken as the antitype of the sepulchre in which Joseph of Arimathea had laid the Lord, and Wolfram says the Graal is a stone called Lapsit Exillit—*lapis ex caelis*? It should be remarked also that the word graal (cratella) implies not so much a chalice as a shallow bowl on a stem; to the mediæval mind it must have given the idea of a vessel something like the dishes on which dessert is served. St. David's altar was, in the earlier legend, a gift from the Patriarch of Jerusalem, later it became a gift from heaven; and its "virtues," its thaumaturgic powers were due to the fact that in it, *dominicum jacebat corpus*. It is an altar, and yet there is already the suggestion of hollowness in its shape, and above all it is an altar in which the Lord's Body had been laid; it is not difficult to see how the name of Joseph of Arimathea was suggested to later writers. And if the gifts which were called afterwards *e caelo venientia* were at first, in a more sober spirit, presents, though miraculous presents, from the patriarch of Jerusalem; then, it would be likely enough that St. David, at first consecrated by the Patriarch, should ultimately be consecrated by Christ from heaven. And the equations of St. David with St. Peter, with Christ Himself are undoubtedly in the same line of thought as the wild and extravagant claims made for Josephes in the Great Saint Graal. It is worth noting, too, how there is already something mysterious about the appearance of the Object; it is called *dubius, anceps*; the similar altar given from heaven to St. Carannoc is of a colour that no man can comprehend; St. David's altar was not seen openly after the saint's death, even as the Graal vanished in the romances. So, when William of Malmesbury was "writing up" Glastonbury Abbey (c. 1130, perhaps sixty years before the earliest of the romances was written) he speaks of St. David's altar, known as *Sapphirus*, as one of the treasures of the place; lost for a long time and then recovered. I do not think that it is temerarious to say that in the legends of these Welsh saints, hallowed in the

east, endowed with miraculous altars of divine origin and of wondrous form, evangelisers of Britain, there is the probable ancestry of the great romances of the Graal.

So much for the direct analogies between the Celtic legends and the Graal books; the indirect are perhaps as interesting. It is difficult, I think, to read the Lives of the Celtic Saints without recognising that a great deal of the "atmosphere" of the romances derives from the hagiologies. Take the following passage from the Life of St. Columba by St. Adamnan:

For three days and three nights he allowed no one to approach him, and remained confined in a house which was filled with heavenly brightness. Yet out of that house, through the chinks of the doors and keyholes, rays of surpassing brilliancy were seen to issue during the night. Certain spiritual songs also, which had never been heard before, he was heard to sing. He came to see . . . many secrets, hidden from men since the foundation of the world, fully revealed.

One of St. Columba's monks saw him on another occasion enter the church; "and along with him at the same time a golden light that came down from the highest heavens"; this light was seen several times, and when the saint died the whole church was filled with heavenly brightness. It would be impossible to read of these appearances of celestial light without being reminded of the glorious brightness that accompanied the manifestations of the Graal. So when St. Cadoc (to whom the Church of Caerleon is dedicated) died: "a great brightness shone on the people devoutly engaged in performing his funeral rites, so that no one of them was able to sustain it." And again in the life of St. Fechin, a Scotch saint, we are told that when St. Fechin entered his church the multitude saw light shining from the windows and the doors. Another topic of the romances is illustrated in the legend of St. Tathan, who found a little ship, without oars or sails, and entering boldly, was borne to Britain; and in the strange story of the Sacred Fire of St. Cadoc, we hear how this holy relic having been defiled by the profane, it vanished away, and hurts and doles were healed no more. St. Iltyd, again, solitary in his cave by the shore, saw approaching a ship, on which was "an altar divinely supported." The oarsmen gave St. Iltyd "the perfumed body of a very holy man, whose name they told him, which he was never to utter." Taking these and other similar tales into consideration; we might almost pronounce that the heroes of the romances are Celtic monks in armour; there has been a certain fusion between the "monk errant" of the Celtic legends and the knights of Charlemagne, and from this admixture, which one may say was being realised at the time in the Templar Order, proceeded Galahad and the knights of the Graal.

Now, it is to be noted very carefully that when a Celtic biographer speaks of the "relics of the saints" he does not mean their bones. He means any holy vessels or objects which have belonged to them: such as the altars of which we have spoken; books, bells and croziers. This is of great importance in considering the passage in Geoffrey of Monmouth, who repeats the prophecy of the angel to Cadwallader, the last king of Britain. Cadwallader died in foreign lands—in Rome according to the Normanised Welshman of the twelfth century, but almost certainly in the East, probably in Jerusalem, in the original legend. Prosperity shall return to Britain, says the angel, when Cadwallader's bones are restored to the island and when the relics of the other saints, which had been hidden on account of the fury of the pagans, should be revealed. Here, we see, there was an old legend which connected the vanishing of certain holy objects with the great loss and doom of Britain. In the romances the loss is a final one, so far as the relic—the Graal—is concerned; in the Celtic tradition there was to be a restoration of all things: Cadwallader was to return, Saxons were to be eradicated, and bards were to flourish, in the words of a poem in the (twelfth century) Red Book of Hergest, which, however, makes no mention of any relics. The romances contemplate a certain

fashion of restoration—Arthur was to return and rule once more—but the Graal, it would appear, has gone for ever. Does this mean that the House of Anjou still clung to the idea of a British Empire, but had given up the thought of an independent British Church? I do not venture to give even an opinion, much less a judgment; I scarcely dare suggest the possibility of the politics, ecclesiastical or civil, of the time having had any influence in the concoction of the Romances. Wolfram, it is true, following a Graal tradition which differs curiously from the tradition of the Anglo-French romances, refers to the Chronicles of the House of Anjou as one of the sources by which he corrected Chrestien's imperfect and erroneous story: this may be either an important clue or an empty compliment to a powerful reigning house: I take refuge in confessed ignorance.

It is now time to examine a curious fact in Celtic tradition—that is the extraordinary veneration given to the relics of the saints, the remarkable powers ascribed to these relics, and the strange story of their hereditary keepers. We have already seen that in the Celtic Church practically every saint left relics behind him—bells, books, croziers, etc. So far as I know, the honour given to these objects, the miracles ascribed to them are quite unique in the history of Christianity; and I am strongly tempted to believe that the "relics" were, in reality, the sanctified successors of tribal palladia, of certain objects which, *mutatis mutandis*, had exercised the same powers, and commanded a like veneration in heathen times. The saint's relic, in Celtdom, could do almost anything: the prosperity of the tribe (afterwards, perhaps, of the race), was bound up with its safe preservation and reverent custody; and terrible penalties sanctioned the due observance of the relic ritual. Only those authorised by hereditary or acquired powers might so much as look on some of these objects; and in most cases they were enshrined in reliquaries, rich with all the splendour and mystic symbolism of Celtic art. The Book of St. Columba was borne in battle, and brought victory to the clan, if carried by one of pure heart—it is curious to note here the motive which perhaps developed into the conception of Galahad. Other relics gave oracles; there was a bell that refused to ring save in the hand of the saint for whom it was destined by God; another bell sailed through the air guiding its saint to an appointed place, other relics were angel-borne from heaven; one, being removed from its shrine and habitation cried aloud, day and night, till it was restored. Some healed diseases, others detected criminals or restored lost cattle. In a word, it would be very difficult to exaggerate the immense importance which these relics occupied in the Celtic mind; and at the present day the healing cup of Nant Eos is revered in Wales, not only for its potent cures, but also as "a Venerable Gift of the Almighty." So late as 1887 a harper, to whom the relic had been solemnly exhibited, felt profound remorse for having treated the holy thing lightly and irreverently. The man came again in a miserable condition of mind, and he was only pacified by a second exhibition of the relic, to which he paid devout reverence. In Scotland and in Ireland many of the relics also survive; and some, wonderful to say, still belong to the descendants of their original keepers. Indeed; the keeping of certain relics was in many cases incorporated into the feudal system; charters are extant granting land in return for the due custody of some holy bell or crozier, and in one or two instances the keeper was given a sort of popular title of nobility. Sad enough are the ends of some of these old songs; a battered iron bell, with faint traces of its former splendours still surviving, turned up by the plough, or found by boys playing in a cave by the seashore; a poor Irish school-master of the eighteenth century, last of the keepers, bequeathing some wonderful piece of Celtic workmanship to the man who had befriended him—such are some of the last chapters of these strange histories. The keepers, it should be remarked, were in almost all cases the

collateral descendants of the saints whose relics they had in custody; and there was more than a trace of the belief that something of the original virtue and sanctity of the saint descended to his successor in the guardianship of the relics. It was remarked that the Irish of the twelfth century were so ignorant that they believed the possessor of St. Patrick's relics to be *ipso facto* archbishop of Armagh. Such are the facts as to the hereditary relic keepers of Celtic Christendom: it is for the student of the Graal romances to judge as to the probability of the existence of these keepers having originated the wonderful story of the hereditary guardians of the Holy Graal.

M. Paulin Paris had a most interesting theory as to Galahad. We have seen that Cadwallader, the "last King of Britain" was in Welsh legend expected to return once more, restoring all things, and bringing with him the "relics of the saints." Cadwallader, indeed, loomed a more heroic figure than Arthur in the Welsh imagination; Celtdom canonised him, and the churches bearing the name Llangadwaladr were built in his honour. It is noteworthy that while all other Welsh saints are styled *sant* (or sometimes, oddly enough, *agius*) Cadwallader shares with the mythic Brân the title of Blessed, or Vendigeid (*benedictus*). One does not know what was the true history of the real man's life and death, there are various stories; but it is certain that the date assigned for his death coincided with the death sentence of Celtdom, both in Church and State. The "yellow hag"—some form of plague—swept away the Cymry by thousands, the Saxons tightened their grip and extended it over the whole island, and strangely enough, the "making" of Celtic saints ceased. The Celtic monk-errants had swept all over the continent of Europe; they had set up the rule of St. Columbanus at Bobbio, by the Pope's door, and Columbanus had addressed the Holy Father as an equal, not without a hint that any case of error or heresy on the part of the Chief Bishop of Christendom would meet with due correction from the Celtic monk. But the tide turned. Cadwallader died, the "relics of the saints" were lost, or taken into concealment, and everywhere the Roman power prevailed, abolishing Celtic customs and rites, and doing its work so thoroughly that no Celtic liturgy has survived. A dreary enchantment (from the Celtic point of view) fell upon the sanctuaries of the saints, and the abomination of desolation, in the form of the Roman missal, succeeded the High Offering of the Perpetual Choirs of the Isle of Britain.

Now M. Paulin Paris thinks that the name and the tale of Galahad are derived from the name and the tale of Cadwallader. In the case of the name (which was sometimes spelt Catgualart and Catgualatyr) I think M. Paulin Paris is right; and for the tale—well, there is a good deal to be said for his point of view. As Galahad, the last possessor of the Graal in the *Queste*, went to Sarras, carrying the holy vessel with him, so Cadwallader went to Jerusalem (for "Rome" in Geoffrey of Monmouth is almost certainly a substitution, partly due to a confusion between the names of the Welsh hero and a Saxon king) carrying with him, presumably, the "relics" which are to return with him. It is to be noted, also, that as Galahad was of the lineages of Joseph of Arimathea and of Our Lady so also was Cadwallader descended collaterally from the Blessed Virgin and St. David. But it would be rash, I think, to assert that the story of the British king was more than a rough sketch for that splendid and glowing figure of Galahad. The romance writer had heard an old legend perhaps, a wandering and uncertain and broken tale with the last glow of the Celtic fire still shining dimly from it; and from these poor fragments he built up the miracle of the *Queste*. It would be unsafe to say that the Celtic legend counted for much more than a hint in the execution of that wonderful romance.

In my third and concluding article I shall try to present some further evidence as to the connection between the



Celtic Church and the Graal Legend; and to sum up the whole matter, so far as it can be summed up in the present state of our knowledge.

ARTHUR MACHEN.

### THE PURSUIT OF TASTE

THERE being no doubt that art, as Reynolds said, "is better learned from the works themselves, than from the precepts which are formed upon those works," it follows that the multiplication and diffusion of these works by means of the various modern processes of reproduction are important factors in the formation of taste. Hence if the public taste is to be elevated and not debased, editors and publishers should be most careful to choose proper models for admiration and to lay stress, however briefly, on what in those models we ought to admire, disentangling the merits of a picture from the demerits which it may also contain. Experience is everything in this matter; but then it is not every one who profits by experience. "Most people err, not so much from want of capacity to find their object, as from not knowing what object to pursue." The more popular in its appeal an art publication is intended to be, the more important it becomes that it should contain reproductions of the best works obtainable.

It *should*, but each year the Academy exhibition affords the editors of illustrated weeklies and annuals an opportunity to display their incompetence or infamy; incompetence if the selections given are dictated by their own execrable taste; infamy if, knowing their worthlessness, they are chosen for social, financial or any other than artistic reasons. Taunted with his misdeeds the "art-editor" is apt to reply that his organ must live (though we do not see the necessity) and that it would have no sale if it gave reproductions of the higher and less popular forms of painting. No greater fallacy exists. *Fiat experimentum*. Let the editor of one of the many misnamed "pictures of the year" publications make his booklet what it pretends to be, let it include not only Academy and New Gallery pictures, but representative works from the International, New English and other exhibitions, and let him see whether the sale is not greater rather than less. As a matter of fact the public is more docile than is generally opined. As a rule it will take what it is given if only the giver has courage and commands respect. In olden days the press used to lead public opinion; now it meekly follows because its courage has been sapped by servile cringing to the advertiser, because its antics and sensational inaccuracy have brought it into contempt. No longer commanding the authority of a parent and guardian, it seeks to attract attention by the methods of the cheap-jack. The few exceptions surviving only prove the rule. Everywhere mediocrity is in the ascendant and Mill's prophecy is woefully fulfilled.

These things being so, it is not surprising, however lamentable, to find the compilers of "art" publications giving the preference to mediocrity among the old masters as well as among modern painters. Signs of the times are two small sixpenny booklets just published by Messrs. Cassell and Co. entitled "The Louvre" and "The Luxembourg" respectively. They belong to a series which is to illustrate "The Great Galleries of Europe," and each contains sixty reproductions. Whether the purchasers of these desire an inexpensive souvenir of pictures they have seen or an introduction to masterpieces they have heard about, they will in either case expect to see reproductions of the greatest works each gallery contains. How far this expectation will be realised and what manner of books these be, is sufficiently indicated by the frontispieces, Bouguereau's *The Consoler* for the Luxembourg, *The Broken Pitcher* by Greuze for the Louvre.

Now the Louvre has one of the finest, perhaps the

finest, collection of pictures in Europe, and it is little short of an insult to present an example of a third-rate painter as the chief feature. Greuze, though he has some solid as well as many superficial attractions, is far from being the greatest French painter, and he certainly cannot compare to such giants as Titian, Rembrandt, Velasquez, Correggio, Raphael, Rubens, Leonardo, Veronese—all of whom are represented by masterpieces at the Louvre. But throughout an utter incompetence is shown, and sins of omission and commission are manifold. No reproduction is given of any work by Botticelli, whose lovely *Tornabuoni* fresco is one of the chief treasures of the Louvre. Another epoch-making work, Giorgione's *Concert*, is also omitted. Among many other masters splendidly represented at the Louvre but wholly unrepresented here are Chardin, Claude, Courbet, Dias, Fragonard, Ghirlandaio, Goya, Isabey, Matsys, Poussin, Pater, Rousseau, del Sarto and Tintoretto. On the other hand illustrations are given of inconsiderable pictures by A. Coypel, Baron Gérard, I. A. A. Pils and C. J. Vernet. Nor does this end the list. The greatest masters are insufficiently represented in number, thus only the *Entombment* is given of Titian, the *Hendrickje Stoffels* of Rembrandt, and the *Helen Fourment* of Rubens, such masterpieces as *The Man with the Glove*, *The Supper at Emmaus* and the Medici series being entirely ignored. Other masters come off still worse, their one representative being an inferior work. Correggio's *Mystic Marriage of St. Catherine* is given, but not his *Jupiter and Antiope*, which has proved a fruitful source of inspiration for Millet, Diaz, Couture, Decamps, Fantin-Latour and many another celebrated French painter. Raphael's *La Belle Jardinière* is inserted and his superb portrait of *Balthasar Castiglione* left out; Watteau's *Gilles* is included, but not his *Embarkation for Cythera*. Nor is this all. Though the editor can only find space for one Watteau on the last page, he squeezes in two illustrations of his follower Lancret. This is in keeping with the plan of a book which gives one Rembrandt and three Bouchers, one Titian and two Vigée Le Bruns, one Rubens and two Regnaults, one Raphael and two Davids, one Delacroix and two Delaroche. The two plates given to sculpture might well have been omitted, but if any sculpture was to be illustrated what appalling ignorance is shown in leaving out the *Winged Victory* of Samothrace. One might as well leave out the *Fates* in illustrating the sculpture at the British Museum.

No excuse can be found for this long series of blunders. The only explanation is utter incompetence and inability to discriminate on the part of the compiler. There is more excuse for "The Luxembourg," since it is far more difficult and requires a higher knowledge to recognise the best in modern work than in the old. Under the circumstances it is remarkable that *The Dancer* of Degas should be given, though, of course, artists like Bastien-Lepage, Besnard, Boudin, Carrière, Cottet, Fantin-Latour, Henner, Legros, Gaston La Touche, Lavery, Manet, Monet, Gustave Moreau, Pissarro, Puvis de Chavannes, Renoir, Rodin, Sisley, Sorolla Y Bastida, Guirand de Scevola and Zuloaga have been "crowded out" to make room for MM. Baudry, Bertrand, Bompard, Dameron, Delaunay, Feyen-Perrin and other nonentities of whom little has been heard in the past and less will be heard in the future. Needless to say the few lines of comment under each illustration are as fatuous as one might expect, generally taking the form of a halting verbal description of the subjects fully expressed by the artist. Two examples will more than suffice:

*Morning*

Nymphs and satyrs in a forest glade hail with dancing the rising of the sun.

COROT

*Lost*

A familiar scene in any great city. The little child, who has drifted away from her mother or nurse, realises that she is alone and lost. Her tears soon attract the usual sympathetic crowd, mostly women it will be noted, the poorest of whom is undertaking the task of seeking information from the straying one.

ENRIQUE MELIDA

If these books were six shillings or six guineas apiece they might be passed over in silence, but the very fact of their being cheap multiplies their power of evil. They will come into the hands of people honestly desirous of improving their knowledge of art, and they will give them false standards of taste and wrong ideas of the great Paris collections. In this manner ignorant incompetence or a deliberate prostitution of all critical faculties insidiously fosters a false taste in the nation, and the greatest names in art are dragged in to accomplish art's degradation. Good paintings and bad are jumbled together without a word as to the gulf between the two, without an attempt to separate and distinguish what in each is to be admired, what to be condemned. "We must not content ourselves with merely admiring and relishing," says Sir Joshua: "we must enter into the principles on which the work is wrought: these do not swim on the superficies, and consequently are not open to superficial observers." The intelligent inquirer only wants a clue to the palace of art, but how shall he not go astray if he be given continually wrong directions? What name is bad enough for those persons who, through ignorance or avarice, cripple the highest guides, and pervert what should be main roads to settled principles into a wilderness in which unguided fancy impotently wanders?

FRANK RUTTER.

### A RESTATEMENT AND A JUSTIFICATION

IN advancing theories as to the essential nature of poetry in the essay "Tennyson or Another" a few weeks ago, I did not expect to be interpreted with such appalling literalness. My statement, being presented in two divisible inter-dependent parts, has been taken has two separate contradictory arguments by both of my hostile critics.

I did not say that poetry can survive by the power of sound alone; I expressly say that, to endure, it must have a certain substratum of thought, emotion, or imagination, not necessarily deep or great, and always subordinated to the music without which poetry cannot exist. Noble thoughts, expressed without beautiful sound, are not poetry; neither does emotion alone suffice, if its depth of feeling outruns the bounds of perfect expression.

A "rapture" is a "vision," a "lyrical rapture" is a lyrical vision; poetry is the emotion of lyrical rapture, embodied in sound. Beauty is the very life of poetry; and we cannot have this beauty without beautiful sound. That sound, being music, has power to awaken an emotional thrill in the reader, a power akin to music of instrument and song. Since tunes may be musical but futile, so verse may be musical without being that music which is poetry. I venture to think that neither of my critics has sufficiently appreciated the difference between music and musical.

Mr. Hoare talks of Tennyson's influence. Was it not largely an influence exercised over minds having only an average appreciation of poetry? We know that there are, have been, will be men of genius in their own ways, incapable of understanding the beauty of pure poetry such as Keats and Shelley wrote. These Tennyson-worshippers were of those who would find Browning too difficult, Swinburne and Rossetti too subtle; but Tennyson with his mirror of Shalott, who caught up the floating ideas all about him and cast them into musical verse, realised exactly their idea of the functions of a poet. Hence his popularity. That he was esteemed by Poe and by many another judge was surely for a greatness I would not dream of denying him; not for his teaching or his philosophy, but for his imaginative music, in other words such beautiful sound as rings in "Ulysses," "The Dream of Fair Women" or "Tithonus."

Are not these matched, whether in loveliness of sound or in beauty of meaning, by Swinburne's Prelude to "Songs before Sunrise," "A Leave-taking," "John William Inchbold," or "Madonna Mia"? Compare, also, the heart-thrilling pathos of Swinburne's dialect Jacobite and Northumbrian ballads:

The Wansbeck sings with all her springs,  
The bents and braes give ear;  
But the wood that rings wi' the sang she sings  
I may not see nor hear:  
For far and far thae blithe burns are,  
And strange is a' thing near.

The light there lightens, the day there brightens,  
The loud wind there lives free:  
Nae light comes nigh me or wind blows by me  
That I wad hear or see.

But O gin I were there again  
Afar ayont the faem,  
Cauld and dead in the sweet saft bed  
That haps my sires at hame!

We'll see nae mair the sea-banks fair,  
And the sweet grey gleaming sky,  
The lordly strand of Northumberland,  
And the goodly towers thereby:  
And none shall know but the winds that blow  
The graves wherein we lie—

with Tennyson's dialect poems. This is not a "haphazard quotation," but an example to point a personal opinion, and perhaps a digression.

Browning "mirrored the universal mind of man," not because of his introspectiveness, but by reason of the truth and variety of his types. Any man may find some part of himself touched to the life in some poem of Browning, because he was essentially a student of human-kind; and he had the gift of expressing his knowledge dramatically, if diffusely. He was complex, for men's minds are complex. Because, in ordinary men, the subsidiary emotions are never expressed, it cannot be assumed that they are not present.

Even when his poetry is bad Browning is usually interesting; when Tennyson's poetry is bad there is nothing left: witness "Amphion," "Edwin Morris," much of "The Princess," "Enoch Arden," and the lack of inspiration in many of the shorter pieces.

Browning can write fine lyrics: "By the Fireside," "In Three Days," "The Patriot," and, still more than these, those lyric fragments for the sake of which we would endure a space of tedium; that song in "Paracelsus," "Over the sea our galleys went"—those two lovely lines in "Pauline"—

And in the heaven stars steal out one by one,  
As hunted men steal to their mountain watch.

If a poetry-lover set himself to read Swinburne complete he will arise surfeited with sweetness, tired with excess of metrical beauty, as one who has sat over long at a concert; but he will return. From Browning he will rise full of thought, mentally tired, annoyed by certain periods of prosaism, but withal profoundly interested; he will return. From Tennyson I do not see how he will arise without disgust; the beauty of single pieces is set in a wilderness of long fluent verse, wherein is neither beautiful sound nor enthralling thought, but only an infinite weariness. He will return to those fine passages, those perfect lyrics—in a volume of judicious selections.

Mr. Hoare naturally cannot see that "Kubla Khan" owes so much to its sound, because in transposing the line he has wrecked its beauty. He says it is not criticism to judge by haphazard quotations; having regard to two of his citations, I would say it is scarcely fair to point an argument with haphazard misquotations:

For he on honey-dew hath fed  
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

It is hardly plain sober sense to say "He has fed on honey, and drunk milk from heaven." Yet that is the prose of



"Kubla Khan"; it is not even specially imaginative, robbed of its embroidery. Keats sings of autumn:

Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find  
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,  
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;  
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,  
Drows'd with the fume of poppies, while thy hook  
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers.

This again is uninspired Keats: "Autumn may be seen by any one seeking her, sitting in a granary with wind-blown hair, or asleep in a half-reaped field, neglecting her work." Where is the magic, the fairy, thrilling beauty? It is plainly not the matter of what is said but the manner of its saying that makes the undying loveliness of these poems. Take a justly-famed passage in Shakespeare:

Daffodils,  
That come before the swallow dares, and take  
The winds of March with beauty.

This simply means: "Daffodils appear in March, when the weather is too rigorous to permit the appearance of the swallow."

With all due deference to Mr. Hoare, is it not somewhat inapposite to bring Shakespeare into this discussion, since he was primarily a playwright? His poetry permeates his plays, his lyricism breaks, as it were, into the current of his dramatic action. To return; in this daffodil passage there is nothing inspiring, no high thought; only the poet's magic, his emotional sense of sound made the lovely transmutation possible.

After all, why all this pother about uplifting sentiment or moral thought in poetry? Art must be always non-moral. Pure beauty is in itself an inspiration. "Beauty is truth, truth beauty; that is all Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

ETHEL TALBOT.

## ON SWIMMING THE HELLESPONT

A FEW weeks ago a brief newspaper paragraph announced that two British sailors had succeeded in swimming the Hellespont, from Sestos to Abydos, thus accomplishing the return half of the lover Leander's nightly journey. Indeed, since the ill-fated daughter of Nephelē fell from the flying ram and gave her name to the swift dark waters, so many have accomplished this part of the feat that perhaps the niggard amount of publicity accorded to the achievement is commensurate with its significance. It is probable that the honest seamen would be surprised even at this small acknowledgment of their prowess, and if questioned, would modestly inform you that they did it on the quiet for a "lark," or at the most for a small wager.

During the Crimean War several soldiers and civilians attached to the allied armies successfully essayed the venture, and Leander came to be regarded as a most affectionate but much over-rated athlete, since his performance seemed well within the compass of any powerful swimmer, taking the ordinary precautions. "*Pas un Heroïsme mais un Leandrisme*," said a witty Frenchman, on hearing that the late Dr. Bader, the eminent eye specialist of Moorfields, had successfully accomplished the swim in the record time of sixty-eight minutes, ten of which were spent in a fishing-net in which he became entangled *en route*. "And did not Lord Byron swim from Sestos to Abydos?" says the man in the arm-chair. Assuredly he did, in one hour and ten minutes, accompanied by his friend Lieutenant Ekenside. He has recorded the fact in some detail, and his note on the length of his swim is interesting.

The whole distance [says he] from the place whence we started to our landing-place on the other side, including the length we were carried by the current, was computed by those on board the frigate at upwards of four English miles, though the actual breadth is barely one.

It was on this occasion that the great poet contracted an ague, and was compelled to retire to his picturesque Turkish villa at Chanek Kalessi. But even if he had not been thus stricken down, it is extremely doubtful whether he would have been able to perform the return half of the journey. It is always Sestos to Abydos with these emulators of Hero's lover; never Abydos to Sestos, which is quite another matter. Under favourable conditions, the former is scarcely more than a two miles excursion from Ak-Bishi Bay, by Sestos, to Nagara Point, and the strong current does the best part of the work, making it necessary only for the swimmer to keep his head above the surface of the water. But Leander, love-ward bound, in order to have benefited by the signal fire on Hero's tower, must have taken the water at least as high up the strait as Bourgas Bay, some miles above Abydos, otherwise the current would have carried him far beyond Sestos Port. Indeed, if he had plunged in at Abydos, he could have landed no nearer the temple of Venus than Mytos, a sharp walk of at least two hours from Sestos. And this was followed by an exhausting six miles swim against a powerful current. Was ever the love of mortal man put to so severe a test!

And did Leander wear a white skull cap to shield him from the sun's fierce rays, or did he anoint himself with oil to retain his bodily heat and to ward off the cramp, or was he perchance followed by a friendly provision boat, as is invariably the case when his modern imitators attempt even the easier half of his nightly task? We cannot believe it. So, because he failed to take these precautions, poor feckless Leander perished, and Hero incontinently after him, and Donne wrote on these model lovers a dainty epitaph:

Both robbed of air, we both lie in one ground,  
Both whom one fire had burnt, one water drown'd.

Truly Leander was one of the most heroic of lovers, worthy indeed of the beautiful Hero, "Venus' nun," who refused to survive him. But in their death they were famous; and if they were unfortunate in life, they were fortunate in the singers of their fame. Has not Musaeus sung of them, and Ovid, and Marlowe, in whose poem occurs the immortal couplet:

Where both deliberate, the love is slight;  
Whoever loved that loved not at first sight?

And when poor maligned Kit fell by a brawler's dagger, did not Chapman increase his dead friend's twin Sestiads to an equally amorous half-dozen? Above all, has not Schiller written a haunting ballad of the faithful Leander? But, alas, there have also been scoffers, as there will ever be at Love's most enduring victories. Vasquez de Leca, for instance, has chaffed poor Leander unmercifully, and his sparkling verses have been delightfully Englished by Sir John Bowring:

You were a foolish, though an amorous fellow,  
Leander! had you for a boat but waited,  
Death and the devil might have both been cheated,  
And history have been spared the pains to tell how  
A silly youth was drown'd—You might have gone  
Dry-footed to your mistress—and have kiss'd her  
In nuptial joy—but no!—for driven on  
By an impatient passion's gust—You miss'd her,  
And died—A pity that! in this our Seville,  
You've not a notion how we cheat the devil,  
And run no risks of colds, nor disappointments:  
True, love may graze us—but the drowning plan  
Is a mistake, which neither oil, nor ointments,  
Nor wit, nor wisdom, can get over, man.

To think that these lines were written in Seville, where upon February 27, they solemnly keep the feast of a Saint Leander, a primate of the city in the sixth century! It would be interesting to learn how the holy bishop acquired his *nom de religion*. Dwelt there once, perchance, a Hero across the Guadalquivir? Who knows?

Amongst the most time-honoured legends of the aborigines of New Zealand is one which immediately

recalls to the mind of the listener the story of Hero and Leander. The Maori Hero is the high-born maiden Hinemoa of Rotorua, who, at a festival (which, by the way, is strangely like that described in Marlowe's first sestiad) meets her Leander in the shape of a less nobly-born youth named Tutanekei. Forbidden, by her haughty parents, to meet the lover to whom she had sworn undying passion, Hinemoa swam from her home on the shore of Lake Rotorua, to the pah of Tutanekei, upon the island of Mokoia, a distance of three miles. After many perilous adventures, she discovered herself to her lover, and sank into his arms. It is pleasant to hear from the lips of the Maori bards that the parents of Hinemoa and Tutanekei came to an understanding, and that the pair were married amidst great rejoicings, and lived happily ever after.

And yet, if Hero and Leander, overtaken by the commonplace, had died in the odour of matrimony —!

JOHN RIVERS.

### VANITY OF VANITIES

THE editor of the ACADEMY has called my attention to a recent article in *Vanity Fair*, and has asked me to "answer" it. The article in question is called "American and English Justice," and is intended, it would seem, as a sort of counterblast to a paper of mine on "the United States of Gehenna" which appeared in the ACADEMY a week or two ago.

Now I believe it is a very serious matter indeed to disobey an editor; but really, in this instance, I have no choice. I cannot answer the *Vanity Fair* article, because it is quite unanswerable.

Readers of the ACADEMY may remember my very inadequate attempt to depict the horrible body of death, decay, and wickedness which is called the United States of America. Briefly, I showed, from American evidence, and from unchallenged reports, that (1) the whole judicial system of America had fallen into contempt; (2) that it was corrupt; (3) that its proceedings as in the Thaw trial, were in the highest degree degraded, offensive, and abominable; (4) that its ordinary police methods, as in the case of Signor Caruso, lately honoured by King Edward VII., were beneath the standard of Hottentots; (5) that in Chicago, for example, the magistrates and the police were brigands and thieves in league with thieves; (6) that when a poor man, without money to bribe the loathsome press and the more loathsome judge, was executed, he was killed with hideous and revolting tortures; (7) that the deficiencies of American "justice" were supplied by the kerosene can of the obscene Judge Lynch; (8) that a peculiarly savage and abominable form of slavery was actually engineered by legal officers; (9) that all the municipalities of America are corrupt and (10) frequently depend on enforced bribes from brothels; (11) that children are held to industrial slavery; (12) that the condition of the poor is unspeakably wretched and far worse than in any other country; (13) that the legislatures are corrupt; (14) that every kind of noisome and poisonous adulteration flourishes together with (15) a host of peculiarly squalid, silly, and mischievous impostures known as "new religions."

Now these are not assertions; they are demonstrated propositions; and if any reader of the ACADEMY has any doubts whatsoever on any one of them I shall be glad to satisfy him with chapter and verse; and I may mention that the article on the "United States of Gehenna" by no means exhausted the material at my disposal.

And the writer in *Vanity Fair*? Well he says (1) that corruption is not unknown in England; (2) that American "justice" is "more humane, more kindly, more flexible, less pedantic, rigorous and cruel" than that in England; (3) that the Americans have never been beaten yet on land or sea; (4) that, after all, Thaw has had a pretty bad time, and has had to spend a good deal of money; (5) that the sentence on Whittaker Wright was the

heaviest that the law allows; (6) that American prisoners are much more comfortable than English ones.

How can I "answer" this? That we have our vices too is *nihil ad rem*; I said in my article that we were in danger of following the Americans into the pit which burneth with putrid lard for ever. That the Americans are good fighters is *nihil ad rem*; after all no one can deny that some insects have an offensive odour and an irritating bite; and the rattlesnake's fiercest enemy would never gainsay his possession of a most deadly poison in his hideous head. The statement that American "justice" is more humane, more kindly, etc., is proved by a story of an American general who allowed a New York journalist to smack his face. In the middle of one of the Cuban battles a war correspondent came up to the general in command and told him that he was making a mistake. The general so far forgot himself as to advise the journalist to mind his own business, whereupon "our special correspondent" struck the officer. What did the latter do? Lord Kitchener, says the writer of the article, would very likely have had the man shot; the American general merely said: "Mr. So-and-so, you forget yourself," and had the fellow shipped back to New York.

Now this moving anecdote proves, according to *Vanity Fair*, that American "justice" is "more humane, more kindly, more flexible, less pedantic, rigorous, and cruel" than English justice. A single anecdote about a single general cannot prove *that* proposition, at all events; since what the soldier did and said, or did not do, and did not say, is not evidence as to the practice of the Courts. The story shows nothing whatever as to American legal practice. What it does show is that the general in question was a feeble coward, who lived in deadly fear of the newspapers—a state of mind common to most democracies, universal in the United States.

I suppose that the proposition about humanity and flexibility and the rest of it is also "proved" by the statement that the American prisons are more comfortable than English prisons. I have no doubt that this is so: where many rattlesnakes abound, I should expect to find the general conditions favourable for the breeding of such vermin. I am sorry to say that I have lost my note as to the statistics of American crime: I know that the proportion of murders and crimes of all sorts is hideously greater than anything that we can show. I suppose it is this "humane and flexible" treatment that is responsible for the recent state of New York, for the streets full of raging mobs bent on supplying the deficiencies of the official practitioners of justice.

I have nothing to say in reply to the statement that the young reptile called Thaw has had to spend a good deal of money; and not much as to the heavy sentence on Whittaker Wright. For the one—and all his like—the lethal chamber is surely the only kind and merciful treatment; for the other, for the despoiler of the poor, for the robber of widows and children, for the sower of widespread misery and desolation, for him and for all like him, for the men who have not the pluck to buy a jemmy but issue a prospectus instead, who are more noisome and deadly than the Yellow Hag and the Black Death—I know not what punishment these deserve. The writer in *Vanity Fair*, I see, calls the process by which these people bring their brethren to ruin and misery and desolation, "gambling." A very pretty *meiosis* to be sure: see "convey" for "steal" in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act I, scene iii.

The writer of the article in *Vanity Fair* asks whether Mr. Machen really believes "that industrial supremacy and power are a sort of putrescence?" That is exactly and precisely what Mr. Machen does believe and always will believe.

It is an ungenerous article, this "leader" in *Vanity Fair*. It has a wicked suggestion that I shall shortly be praised by Mr. William Archer. An unworthy and unmanly stab in the back, this!

ARTHUR MACHEN.



# FICTION

*The Eternal Dawn.* By A. EGMONT HAKE and DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY. (Everett, 6s.)

ADVERTISED twice on the cover as by "David Christie Murray and Egmont Hake," and once on the title-page as by "A. Egmont Hake and David Christie Murray," this book denies the dual authorship on every page. David Christie Murray may not have a high reputation as an author of the fiction that counts, but there stands to his credit a large output of decent and pleasant novels. We are more than a little surprised that he should have allowed his name to be associated at all with a book that is almost beneath criticism and beneath contempt. It deals with a couple of queer maidens; and Lord Guy Atherton (alias Pinky), who talks about being "weaned from his icy altitudes of cerebral isolation down to the sunny and seductive valleys of amorous yet flinching frolic"; and Gerald Percy Archibald Marmaduke Leslie, Tenth Earl of Tattenham, Twelfth Baron Loreham, Thirteenth Baronet, Knight of the Holy Order of Malta, Lord of the Manor and Fief of Haxenham (all capital letters, Mr. Printer!); and his Countess, who tells him that he will "have the jumps" if he goes on "making a sink" of himself; and a couple more scions of the aristocracy; and a "sturdy, honest gentlewoman" who talks about "blooming affectation" and a score of other blooming things, and advises some one to "cop your spondooliks," and so on, and tells her daughter that a certain Lord—the very Pinky of the icy altitudes of cerebral isolation—is "a lucky toff if he gets you, child, instead o' one o' them painted harlots"; and an old nurse who is being kept as housekeeper by a man (almost a Lord) at whose birth she was present, and who addresses him as "My Harold, the student, the book-worm, the dreamer, the giver of indiscriminate alms, the great searcher after truth, the statesman, suddenly transformed into the dauntless knight-errant" and other things; and a man from Lancashire who calls every one with whom he comes in contact—Lords and Ladies included—"bastard" (an epithet which frequently occurs three or four times on a page). Criticism is a compliment which we do not care to pay this sort of stuff.

*The Lodestar.* By MAX PEMBERTON. (Ward, Lock, 6s.)

THIS novel—which boasts of some twenty insipid magazine illustrations by Maurice Greiffenhagen—may be welcomed as, to some extent, an attempt on Mr. Max Pemberton's part to climb out of the rut along which, for a very considerable time, he has been content to crawl. Success crowns his valiant effort, and he walks along the greensward for a few seconds jauntily enough; then the rut calls, and he sinks back, never we fear to emerge again. Russia and revolutionaries figure here once more, and a "secret police" officer is assassinated; a beautiful heroine and her noble father are imprisoned by the wicked Russian authorities, and the whip is about to descend on the sweet, white flesh of the beautiful heroine when . . . enter the hero; and this novel may be obtained from your library or from any bookseller at the customary four-and-six.

*A Woman of Character.* By JAMES BLYTH. (White, 6s.)

IN this country we are always ready to give the artist good advice, and indeed to scold him when his choice of a subject is not our choice of a subject. We reserve our heaviest thunder for those mistaken people who venture into the realms of the "unpleasant," and most of us do not take the trouble to distinguish between the craftsman working deliberately amongst the powers of evil and the tradesman or tradeswoman who knows that there is a large paying public for garbage the self-respecting public would throw into the fire. We have the strongest right

to pay Mr. Blyth's story the respect and attention it deserves, because we hate the atmosphere in which it moves as we hate the atmosphere of *La Cousine Bette*, and are as deeply depressed by it and as sceptical of its reality. While we read, the comparison with Balzac forced itself on us over and over again, especially as we followed the fortunes of the saintly wife deceived and driven to her death by the woman of vile character. From beginning to end *Lavinia* reminded us of *Mme. Hulot*. Mr. Blyth's people are more vulgar and more commonplace than those of the great French novelist: nor does he prepare his background with the same elaborate detail. It remains to be seen whether his art will grow and whether he will ever give us tragic figures instead of wholly sordid vile ones. We have no belief in a world where evil invariably has the upper hand, and we have not much belief in any woman being as persistently and logically bad as *Fanny*. In real life even the man who is to be hanged o' Wednesday is a mysterious compound of virtue and vice: a creature with some rag of honour fluttering from the sad tale of his infirmities. To be sure Mr. Blyth's heroine, though she ought to be hanged, is never in the least danger of it. We leave her in possession of millions and entertaining royalty. Perhaps after all Mr. Blyth does know his world, or rather some few of the unscrupulous successful people in it. But they are not everywhere as he seems to think, nor do good men always flicker out in the breath of their devilry. It is possible for good men to have character and even sometimes to get the better of devils. A world in which they never do must necessarily be an unreal world.

*Land o' Gold.* By HENRY BYATT. (Sisleys, 6s.)

"THE author of this powerful novel has laid the scene of his drama chiefly in East Anglia in the glorious, golden days of English agricultural prosperity. He has painted his characters with a vigorous brush, and they live. '*Land o' Gold*' is a notable novel; realistic and forcible, and standing out as one of the cleverest efforts in fiction written in recent years." Thus the publishers, on the cover of this novel, endeavour to save the reviewer trouble and to secure a good "press appreciation" of the book itself; and thus they almost succeed in securing for it a condemnation which it does not deserve. Each of the other novels published by the same firm appears from its advertisements to be either an immortal piece of literature or "one of the successes of 1907." The morality or immorality of all this blatant assertion does not concern us: the falsity and absurdity of it do. To call "*Land o' Gold*" "a notable novel, realistic and forcible," etc. etc., is unwarrantable and ridiculous. It is simply a pleasant little story, written in a rather amateurish fashion—"Hail to thy memory, thou homely visions of a Past that will never come to this land again" (*sic*) is a good example—with some fairly good but not remarkable character-drawing, and the unpleasant and wholly unnecessary sexual element which is to be found in practically all the novels published by Messrs. Sisleys Limited, "*Makers of Beautiful Books*." This last is, of course, an excellent thing from a business point of view.

*The Gold Spinner.* By DICK DONOVAN. (White, 6s.)

"GOD-gifted and beautiful" was the verdict of Helga's uncle, when he received his orphan niece into his somewhat austere household! In the matter of her beauty we are content to take the word of her creator (we mean Mr. Donovan), but her gifts hardly strike us as "gifts from on high." She certainly possessed the fatal attribute of easy acquiescence in circumstances. Most unnaturally she accepted the change from what must have been a more congenial life for a young girl, to the farm of a Puritanical old uncle, and still more unnaturally she accepted her cousin—as a husband. This cousin was the wicked gold-spinner. He certainly was a very objectionable person! In addition to his other vices it is told of

him that he neglected to temper his spoken plans of life by such expressions as "If I am spared," or "If I live so long." Of course he came to a bad end! Ironical fate pointed a moral too, in mixing, by means of an explosion, his ashes with those of his despised and badly treated workmen. Helga married his former manager, for whom she sent almost directly her husband was killed.

She received him with a certain amount of reserve. . . . But oh, how her heart talked to her and how the blood tingled in her cheeks.

Apparently other hearts "talked" as well as that of Helga. Mr. Mostyn, a curate, fell in love with his rector's daughter, and Alethea (the rector's daughter), "reciprocated his feeling." She seemed extremely willing to reciprocate and even rose at five in the morning to do so. It all came about in this manner. One unfortunate night Mr. Mostyn remarked that he intended to go and see the "Witches' Glen" (it was "one of the lions of the neighbourhood"). On the following morning he found the prompt young woman waiting for him in the hall, with a flimsy excuse for her early rising. When they got to the glen it was of course beyond human and clerical nature to resist so apposite an opening as it afforded. "I see a witch now," said the indiscreet Mr. Mostyn. He seemed to regret the indiscretion almost directly he had given it utterance. But his determined beguiler kept him to it, and after drawing him deeper into her snare, "almost in a whisper" said, "I reciprocate your feelings Mr. Mostyn." After this (possibly with a lingering hope of escape) Mr. Mostyn thought it his duty to tell her of a "bitter episode" in his past, but feeling unequal to the task asked leave to postpone it. Delays are dangerous! While Mr. Mostyn was still hesitating about telling Alethea, the enraged rector confronted him with his "dark and cankered secret" and "under this terrible accusation Mostyn seemed to wilt." This book is very lengthy and enough to cause the "wilting" of any reader.

*The Enchanted Garden.* By MAUD STEPNEY RAWSON. (Methuen 6s.)

MRS. RAWSON has the happy gift of conveying her readers as on a magic carpet to the scene of her stories, and making them at home there. In another book she suggested very faithfully the restfulness and old-world charm of Rye; here in some four hundred pages of passionate appreciation she reflects the fascination, the enchantment of a sub-tropical island in mid-Atlantic. The "topsy-turvy, alluring, aggravating, ramshackle, spell-bound" Island of San Carlos with its almost over-powering beauty, is the chosen background for the sequel to an unhappy marriage. It is to the luxuriant solitude of the enchanted garden of an old Spanish villa at Puerto de Oro that Joanna Hurst flies for seclusion from her husband's infidelities. The novelty of the environment is the only new thing in the story, which runs the usual course: what follows seeming to be more of a concession to prevailing taste than the inevitable outcome of the situation. The Joanna of the author's imagination and interpretation might be called an idealist of the affections: as we understand her she does not strike us as at all the kind of woman who being outraged and heartbroken by her husband's misconduct would fall in love again at the first opportunity, however innocently and discreetly. Here, however, the author's difficulty comes in—how is a matrimonial tragedy to be contrived without "the other man"? In this case, the other man is an estimable, harmless young engineer, who makes no great figure even at the moment when he is shot down by Joanna's husband at the door of the enchanted garden. Sympathetically told as it is, and with considerable literary aptitude, the story of Joanna's marriage is all too familiar; it is possible to weary of even the most skilful probings and prying into a woman's soul. For the reader of many novels the charm of the book lies in its pictures of life in San Carlos, in the

warmth and colour of Mrs. Rawson's descriptions, and in her sketches of Joanna's fellow exiles. From "La Polly," who rules the English community, to the latest hotel bore, these sketches are admirable, and of far more artistic value than many Joannas.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### PAINTERS AS CRITICS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Your ingenious correspondent, Mr. Collins Baker, has very cleverly misinterpreted the spirit of my discussion with Mr. Bernhard Sickert, and ignores the point at issue between us. I am quite ready to continue to debate on the further issue raised by myself—the critical capacity of artists to judge ancient and modern works of art when I have restated the original argument. Mr. Bernhard Sickert claimed that "critics of standing" shared his views about Burne-Jones, but he did not tell us who they were. I hazarded a guess. In fishing for a salmon I have landed an eel. My list was not put forward as an ideal list of my own nor as a complete list of ideal critics. It was a catalogue of those who hold official positions and who might therefore be described as "critics of standing." Perhaps I should have included Mr. George Clausen, though his position as lecturer at Burlington House is only a temporary one, and I yield to no one, even Mr. Baker, in my admiration of his clear, illuminating lectures. Would Mr. Clausen, however, endorse Mr. Sickert's view of Burne-Jones? If so, here at all events is a "critic of standing" who does so. By an error I included my friend Mr. Pennell, who, alas no longer acts as art critic, and by another I omitted the names of Mr. Clutton Brock and Mr. Laurence Housman, whose admirable work on the *Tribune* and the *Manchester Guardian* is familiar to every one. But if the list were an ideal list—my own ideal—I would add several other names, for instance, those of Mr. Bernhard Berenson, Mr. Herbert Horne, and Mr. Charles Ricketts, whose art and criticism I love this side of idolatry. Yet I know of few artists or critics who are so prejudiced, narrow, and bigoted, and that is why his opinion is so valuable. Even Mr. Wake Cook, who speaks so kindly of my arguments, has fallen into the error of supposing that I was complaining because artists, or critics for that matter, were narrow or prejudiced. I suspect the painter whose critical sympathies are too broad, and I grieve to have noticed that a falling-off in Mr. Clausen's painting synchronised with his broad-minded lectures on art. But while the narrow view of the artist is always valuable it cannot be accepted as a general truth. Hence my demur to Mr. Sickert's estimate of Burne-Jones. In judging the works of contemporaries a painter is apt to look too kindly on the efforts of disciples and to shut his eyes to achievements in higher or harder fields. There is a good deal in the paradox that only bad painters admire each other's work. Mr. Collins Baker may rest assured that I have lacked no opportunity of "rubbing ideas with artists," most of whom have been charming, tolerant, ignorant, and thoroughly bad painters. It was the "crabbed, intolerant crew," in which I venture to include my friend Mr. Sickert, whose views were of interest and whose painting was at all significant.

Against Mr. Baker's genial *précis* of my opinions I make no complaint. He objects of course to my examples, which he describes as *isolated* instances. You can only give instances from memory or from experience. Mr. Baker gives Mr. Clausen in support of his own opinion. I might say that Mr. Clausen was an isolated instance, but I would not dream of doing so. Mr. Wake Cook would give Lord Leighton, and we should be exactly where we started. There is no finality in criticism. To claim that painters are the best judges of painting because they are painters is like saying that murderers are the best judges of crime, or that a new-born child is the best judge of obstetrics. Artists are rightly indignant when scientific men, after gazing at the spectroscope, announce that Constable and Turner had a wrong sense of colour. On Mr. Baker's principles Messrs. Windsor and Newton are better judges of painting than, say, Tintoretto, Canaletto, or Orpen because they know the chemical properties of the pigments at which the painters may have only guessed. The power of connoisseurship and painting, just as poetry and painting, are qualities often found in the same person. Poetry and painting have an affinity just as painting and connoisseurship may have. A capacity for the one, however, does not ensure



capacity for the other. A master potter at Worcester is not, because of his craft, a better judge of Oriental china than Chaffers.

It would be invidious for me to discuss or compare the expertise of the various critics whose names have come up in the course of this correspondence, but on the practical question of authorship and state I would take the opinion of Mr. Laurence Binyon about, say, an early English water-colour drawing before that of any artist or a critic who happened to be an artist. In estimating old pictures it is the tongue not the pen of the thoughtful artist that is so dangerous, and I cannot help thinking that Mr. Baker must have been "one of the artists" who gave the opinion about the old copy which failed to sell at Christie's.

But let me recount another little story. A certain picture was brought to me from the country. Being neither an artist nor an expert I was quite unable to make up my mind about it. I liked the picture for itself, and I was anxious to give the owner a fair price. I showed it to several experts, but they warned me that it was merely a seventeenth- or eighteenth-century copy worth about fifty pounds. Still sceptical, I showed it to eight different painters, and in no case did I tell them the experts' opinion, with which, however, they all concurred. I told the owner that in view of such unfavourable opinion I could not give him a large price for his picture and advised him to send it to Christie's. The dealers saw what neither expert nor artist nor myself had seen, and ran the lot up to two thousand four hundred pounds, at which sum it was procured by that best of judges, Mr. Hugh P. Lane, who is not an artist. The picture was a portrait by Titian.

ROBERT ROSS.

#### "PAGEANT"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—There has been some controversy as to the correct pronunciation of this word. Is the "a" in the first syllable long as in "page" or short as in "paget"? In Oxford they say "pageant" but in Cambridge "pägeant."

Perhaps there is no right or wrong about it just yet! And a word from you might help to settle the question.

NEMO.

August 17.

[We incline to pägeant, but we cannot pretend to make an authoritative announcement.—ED.]

#### "AFTER LIFE'S FITFUL FEVER"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—One of your correspondents has lately described Shakespeare's words, "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well," as the sequel of an enunciation of "a good number of moral ideas." Another refers to Arnold's concept of them as "a typical example of style." The former view is scarcely supported by the context, and the latter is inadequate. Clearly the appositeness and special force of this marvellously alliterative line consist in the contrast it sets up betwixt the plight of the murdered king—sent to peace in death—and that of Macbeth, the speaker, whose crime has gained him no peace, and whose lot it has become to sleep in the affliction of terrible dreams that shake him nightly, and on the torture of the mind to lie in restless ecstasy.

FRANCIS H. BUTLER.

#### "THE BEAUTIFUL SUBURBS"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I gather that Mr. Street objects to the "silly practice among journalists of using the word 'suburban' in a contemptuous manner, as though it must necessarily suggest what is Philistine and narrow-minded and faulty in taste."

What else, pray, can "suburban" suggest? Let your contributor track to its lair the "smart set" of Upper, Lower, and Lowest Tooting, and let him study the equally astonishing creatures who shed a lustre on Brixton, Battersea, East Ham, West Kensington, etc. He will find that the majority of these weird people are irredeemably impossible. Thanks to the whiskered vulgarians and to the unspeakable British matrons who are part and parcel of these horrid spots, Philistinism in its worst form is rampant there.

Persons who do not thrive in the vitiated atmosphere of London are obliged, *faute de mieux*, to live in a suburb—or in the country. Fortunately for those who are forced to be within hail of their work, all suburbs are not equally undesirable.

GEORGE CECIL.

#### "TO LAY" AS AN INTRANSITIVE VERB

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The last line but one of column 1, page 765, of the ACADEMY, August 10, was the verb to "lay" (possibly following Byron in his "Childe Harold") as an intransitive verb. Your printing the same without comment or correction may, I remark, lead some of your readers to the conclusion that this is approved by you.

M. JONES.

[We do not approve of the use of the word referred to by our correspondent. If it had not escaped our notice we should have asked our contributor to alter it, so as to avoid what is undoubtedly, in our opinion, incorrect English.—ED.]

#### "A NONSENSE BOOK"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I must in fairness ask you to allow me to explain that in the manuscript of my book, "The Awakening of a Race," I wrote (page 43): "The founders of Christianity were troubled with the Arian heresy," etc. In typing it for the press this became "Aryan," perhaps because the typist was a stickler for uniformity, and I missed seeing the error when correcting the proofs. With the remainder of your criticism I have no comments to make, but I can understand the desire of a man who believes, to burn the book which stigmatises his belief as a heresy. I never pretended to have any scholastic knowledge. I have certainly never had the wide reading of your critic, and "If I had read as much about it as he has, I should probably know as little about it as he does." I should certainly like to see this question of the Aryan heresy argued out by men of learning in a manner which would satisfy even the critical sense of the ACADEMY.

I fancy, however, that I have voiced the opinion of the vast majority of the unlearned in all the English-speaking countries.

Thanking you in advance.

GEORGE E. BOXALL.

August 8.

[Our correspondent's modest claim to have "voiced the opinion of the vast majority of the unlearned in all the English-speaking countries" is one which we would not wish to dispute. It is pleasing to find for once an author who is so completely in accord with the reviewer of his book.—ED.]

#### "LIBERALISM"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Dr. Johnson once said that the Irish (as distinguished from the Scotch) were a "fair" people—because they never spoke well of each other! Well, Mr. Bryce is a "fair" man. He is a Liberal, and a Liberal of a somewhat doctrinaire type; but he has been confessing to grave doubts as to the value of what has been named—by a sharp-toothed satirist doubtless—"progress." Mr. Bryce recognises, very justly, that the aim of all things, the test of all things, is Happiness, and he is dubious as to whether man in the mass is any happier than he used to be. It is really very refreshing indeed to be able to register such a confession, coming as it does from the heart of orthodox Liberalism. I hasten to say that I do not use the term Liberalism in its technical, political sense: Liberalism for these present purposes is not the label of a party, but a handy term for a catholic venom which has infected, and still infects, men of all parties and all nations; it might be discovered with no very powerful instruments on one side of the House of Commons as well as on the other, and it has dwelt and flourished under a cardinal's robe as vigorously as under the shiny black coat of Dr. Stiggins. It would be hard to define the term exactly; but if one called it a radical misconception as to the meaning and purpose of everything in heaven and earth and under the earth, one would not be very wide of the mark.

One wonders whether the tide has begun to turn at last. Mr. Bryce's recent pronouncement is certainly a hopeful sign:

"The bark that carries man and his fortunes [says our Ambassador to Washington] traverses an ocean where the winds are variable and the currents are unknown. . . . He can do little to direct his course, and the mists that shroud the horizon hang as thick and low as they did when the voyage began."

There are those who navigate the weltering and tremendous seas who have a certain and sure pilotage; and to them this sentence does not apply. But to the vast majority, to those who, in defiance of the Psalmist, put their trust not merely in princes but in popular assemblies, the prospect is dark indeed, and grows still darker. For the poor wretch who really believes that happiness will inevitably result from the Disestablishment of the Church, the Reform of the House of Lords, a thorough-going Land Bill, and a scheme of cheap and popular transit; that the Earthly Paradise lies just on the other side of Universal Compulsory Instruction, who bows the knee, in fine, to the goddess Liberalism—well, one must be Horatian:

— Heu quotiens fidem  
Mutatosque deos flebit et aspera  
Nigris aequora ventis  
Emirabitur.

CHARLES HUNTINGDON.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

### ART

Jonas, Maurice. *Notes of an Art Collector*. Routledge, 21s.

### BIOGRAPHY

*The Life of Goethe* by Albert Bietschowsky. Volume 2. Authorised translation from the German by William A. Cooper. Putnam, 15s. net.

### EDUCATIONAL

*Arithmetic for Schools*. By the Rev. J. B. Lock, with the assistance of V. M. Turnbull. Macmillan, n.p.

Lunn, A. C. P. *Latin Exercises on Latin Models*. Arnold, 1s.

Marshall, Douglas H. *The Beginner's Book of Greek*. Arnold, 1s. 6d.

*Mélanges Littéraires*. By Jean S. Andrieux. Edited by Ethel Cecilia Jones. Oxford: Clarendon Press, n.p.

Nesfield, J. C. *Aids to the Study and Composition of English*. Macmillan, n.p.

*The Saga of King Olaf*. Selected and edited by Beatrice E. Clay. Blackie, 6d.

*Ogier le Danois*. Raconté par S. Barlet et J. Cornuel. Blackie, 6d.

*Excerpta Brevia*. By W. H. S. Jones and R. Parker Smith. Blackie, 1s. 6d.

*Blackie's English School Texts. Froissart's Chronicles. Border Warfare*. Blackie, 6d.

### FICTION

Carey, Wymond. *Love the Judge*. Methuen, 6s.

Hocking, Silas K. *A Modern Pharisee*. Warne, 3s. 6d.

Biss, Gerald. *The Dupe*. Greening, 6s.

Sharp, Evelyn. *Nicolette*. Constable, 6s.

Williamson, C. N. and A. M. *The Botor Chaperon*. Methuen, 6s.

Rawson, Maud Stepney. *The Enchanted Garden*. Methuen, 6s.

Speight, T. W. *The Fate of the Hara Diamond*. Greening, 6s.

Wynne, May. *When Terror Ruled*. Greening, 3s. 6d.

Fry, B. and C. B. *A Mother's Son*. Methuen, 6s.

Hyatt, Stanley Portal. *Marcus Kay*. Constable, 6s.

Sinclair, May. *The Helpmate*. Constable, 6s.

Prior, James. *A Walking Gentleman*. Constable, 6s.

Cobb, Thomas. *A Sentimental Season*. Laurie, 6s.

Lay, Ernest. *A Chinese Lover*. White, 1s.

### MISCELLANEOUS

Davidson, Gladys. *Stories from the Operas*. With short biographies of the composers. Werner Laurie, 3s. 6d. net.

*The Golf Craze*. Sketches and Rhymes by Cleek Shotte, Esq. of Bunker Hill. Foulis, 1s. net.

*The Legends of the Saints*. An Introduction to Hagiography. From the French of Père H. Delehaye. Translated by Mrs. V. M. Crawford. Longmans, 3s. 6d. net.

*Two New Worlds*. By E. E. Fournier d'Albe. Longmans, 3s. 6d. net.

Bell, Mrs. Arthur G. *The Skirts of the Great City*. Methuen, 6s.

Alliston, Norman. *The Case of Existence*. Kegan Paul, 5s. net.

Bates, E. Katharine. *Seen and Unseen*. Greening, 6s.

*Canada's Century: Progress and Resources of the Great Dominion*. By R. J. Barrett. London: the *Financier and Bullionist, Ltd.*, 6s. net.

Foot, Constance M. *Science through Stories*. Dible, 1s. 6d. net.

Kennard, Howard P. *The Russian Peasant*. Werner Laurie, 6s. net.

*Henslowe Papers*. Being Documents Supplementary to Henslowe's Diary. Edited by Walter W. Greg. Bullen, 10s. 6d. net.

Matthews, F. H. *The Principles of Intellectual Education*. Cambridge University Press, 2s. 6d. net.

*Religions, Ancient and Modern. Shinto: The Ancient Religion of Japan*. By W. G. Aston. Constable, 1s. net.

Tatlock, John S. P. *The Development and Chronology of Chaucer's Works*. Kegan Paul, n.p.

*The High Tops of Black Mount*. By the Marchioness of Breadalbane. Blackwood, 6s. net.

*The Log of the "Blue Dragon" 1892-1904*. Written by various hands and now revised and set forth by C. C. Lynam. Bullen, n.p.

Balfour, Frederic H. *The Higher Agnosticism*. Greening, n.p.

Maynadier, Howard. *The Arthur of the English Poets*. Constable, 6s. net.

*Winchester College, 1836-1906*. A Register edited by John Bannerman Wainwright. Winchester: Wells, n.p.

*New Light on the New Testament*. From Records of the Græco-Roman Period. By Adolf Deissmann. Clarke, 3s. net.

*Visit of French Universities to the University of London, Whitsuntide 1906*. Murray, 5s. net.

*Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature of the United Kingdom*. Second Series. Vol. xxvii. London, Asher, n.p.

*Home for Good*. By Mother Mary Loyola. Burns and Oates, 3s. 6d. net.

### POETRY

*Poems by Two Friends*. Dent, 2s. 6d. net.

D'Arcy, Hal. *The O'Donoghue and other Poems*. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis, 3s. 6d.

Blackhall, James. *The Dead God*. Greening, 2s. 6d. net.

Bland, R. Henderson. *Moods and Memories*. Greening, 2s. 6d. net.

Gray, Eleanor. *Eos and other Poems*. Kegan Paul, 2s. 6d. net.

*The Career of John Bull*. Kegan Paul, n.p.

Stace, Walter Terence. *A Vision of Armageddon and other Poems*. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis, 1s. 6d.

*Twenty-one Poems by Katharine Tynan*. Selected by W. B. Yeats. Dundrum: Dun Emer Press, 7s. 6d. net.

*A Victorian Anthology*. Edited by William Knight. Newnes, 3s. 6d. net.

### REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS

Carroll, Lewis. *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*. Macmillan, 1s. net.

Coulton, G. G. *From St. Francis to Dante*. Translations from the Chronicle of the Franciscan Salimbene (1221-1288). Nutt, 12s. 6d. net.

Graham, R. B. Cunninghame. *Notes on the District of Menteith For Tourists and Others*. Stirling: Eneas Mackay, n.p.

*The Central Alps*. Part i. By the late John Ball. Longmans, 6s. 6d. net.

*The Spanish Gypsy, the Legend of Jubal, and other poems, old and new*. By George Eliot. Blackwood, 3s. 6d. net.

*Les Classiques Français*. By H. Warner Allen. *Contes Choisis de Voltaire*. Préface de Gustave Lanson. Dent, 1s. 6d. net.

De Maupassant, Guy. *A Woman's Soul*. Done into English by Henry Beauchamp. Greening, 1s. 6d. net.

Sand, George. *Jeanne*. Edited by Cécile Hugon. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 3s. 6d. net.

De Balzac, Honoré. *Le Colonel Chabert*. Edited by H. W. Preston. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 2s.

Dumas, Alexandre. *The Forty-Five. La Dame de Monsoreau*. Dent, 2s. 6d. net each.

Ruskin, John. *Sesame and Lilies*. Fiffeld, 3d. net.



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